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THE SURRENDER AT SEDAN.

ABOUT five o'clock on the evening of September 1 there was a sudden suspension of the cannonade along the Prussian lines; and a few minutes later a French officer, escorted by two Uhlans, advanced up the steep bridle-path leading from Sedan, carrying a white duster on a stick as a flag of truce. The messenger turned out to be a French colonel, come to ask for terms of surrender. After a very short consultation between the King and General VON MOLTKE, the messenger was told by the General that, in a matter so important as the surrender of at least 80,000 men and an important fortress, it was necessary to send an officer of high rank. "You are therefore," said the General, "to return to Sedan and tell the governor of the town to report himself immediately to the King of Prussia. If he does not arrive within an hour our guns will again open fire. You may tell the commandant that there is no use of his trying to obtain any other terms than unconditional surrender." The officer returned with this message, and about an hour later the French General REILLY rode up with a letter for the King. As soon as the French general was in sight the escort of cuirassiers and dragoons was drawn up in line, two deep. Behind the King, in front of the escort, was the staff; and ten yards in front of them again stood his Majesty, King WILLIAM of Prussia, ready to receive General REILLY.

GENERAL REILLY BEARING THE SURRENDER OF THE FRENCH ARMY AT SEDAN TO KING WILLIAM.

That officer was the bearer of an autograph letter from the Emperor NAPOLEON to King WILLIAM. The Emperor wrote: "As I can not die at the head of my army, I lay my sword at the feet of your Majesty."

On the receipt of this letter there was a brief consultation between the King, the Crown Prince (who had come over from his hill on the arrival of the flag of truce), Count BISMARCK, General VON MOLTKE, and General VON ROON. After a few minutes' conversation the King sat down on a rush-bottomed chair, and wrote a note (on another chair held as a table by two aids-de-camp) to the Emperor, asking him to come next morning to the King of Prussia's head-quarters, at Vendresse.

The next day the Emperor sought an interview with Count BISMARCK, which took place a few hundred yards outside the squalid walls of the village of Donchery, near Sedan. The humble cottage of a poor weaver stood near the place, and Count BISMARCK led the way and entered it. The room was not pleasant, and the Count walked up the stairs. The apartment was filled by the hand-loom and appliances of the weaver; so he descended, and found the Emperor sitting on a stone outside. Two chairs were brought out of the cottage. The Emperor sat down in one; Count BISMARCK took the other, and placed it on his Majesty's left-hand side. The officers in attendance on their fallen master lay down, some distance away, upon a small plot of grass in front of the cottage. The conversation was a strange one. The great point to be gained was peace; but no assurance of it could be obtained by Count BISMARCK. The Emperor stated that he had no power; could not negotiate a peace; could not give orders to the army or Marshal BAZAINE. The Empress was Regent of France, and on her and her Ministers must devolve the negotiations. So Count BISMARCK thereupon remarked that it was of no avail to hold any further conversation on political matters with his Majesty, and that it would be of no use to see the King. The Emperor desired to see the King in person, but Count BISMARCK declared it was not possible to accede to his Majesty's wishes until the capitulation had been signed. Then, as the conversation was becoming rather dangerous, and as the situation was becoming difficult on both sides, they ended it. The interview terminated. Count BISMARCK went to see the King; the Emperor withdrew to consult his officers.

At half past eleven the following terms were agreed upon between General WIMPFFEN and General MOLTKE: "The garrison and army of Sedan to surrender as prisoners of war, to be sent into Germany; officers to be liberated on parole not to serve again during the war; all horses, guns, and munitions of war to be given up."

About two o'clock the King, with his bodyguard and escort of cuirassiers, attended by the Crown Prince and staff of general officers, proceeded to a château outside Sedan, and received the Emperor, who came with his personal followers and staff, in charge of an escort, which was ranged on the other side of the avenue facing the cuirassiers. The King and his captive retired into the glass house off one of the saloons of the drawing-room floor, and they could be seen by the staff outside engaged in earnest dialogue. After the interview with the King the Emperor had a few moments' conversation with the Crown Prince, during which he was much agitated when alluding to the manner of the King.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1870.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE action of the New York Republican Convention apparently satisfied every body but the Democrats. This is the more surprising because the Democratic party in the State, in its two great branches of the SWEENY and the O'BRIEN Democracy, is such a happy family that it should surely not grudge a little harmony to the Republicans. There were, undoubtedly, serious differences and warm feeling at the Saratoga Convention, but there was no discord; and the Democratic papers are therefore reduced to the old shift of ribald abuse and misrepresentation. The question of general sympathy with the Administration was tested at the opening of the Convention, and conclusively settled; and the resolutions adopted with unanimity are not wanting in decisive clearness.

That the Convention did not prefer Mr. GREELEY as a candidate for Governor is probably not surprising to so experienced a politician. He knows that a man who has been for a generation the editor of a leading party journal, and who conceals no opinions, in the degree that he has written himself into fame has written himself out of availability as a party candidate. When the victory of a party is beyond question it may indulge its sense of respect and gratitude; but when the contest is sharp and close it will remember too much of the various hostility which so long a career of such a kind has necessarily occasioned.

The condition of the party and the certainty of a contest inclined the Convention to some man who might be considered free from such disabilities, and whose character and fair fame would commend him to the unqualified sympathy and support of the party. Such a candidate one of the largest, and undoubtedly one of the weightiest, conventions ever assembled in the State believed it had found in General WOODFORD, whom it called by a very great majority to bear its banner in the campaign—a majority which became immediately the whole Convention. With General WOODFORD is associated Mr. KAUFFMAN as Lieutenant-Governor. The objection, which is really not important, that he is from the same part of the State with General WOODFORD, is overborne by the consideration that he was nominated by the Erie delegation. Mr. PALMER, for Comptroller, is by common consent one of the best nominations that could be made by any party.

The *World* received the nomination of General WOODFORD with a sneer. It commends his opponent, Governor HOFFMAN, as a "statesman." But if epithets were arguments General GRANT would never have been elected President. Even the exquisite humor of the *World* in calling him "Hiram," throughout the campaign of 1868, did not defeat him. Let us compare the claims of these two gentlemen upon the confidence of the honest voters of New York. They are both young men, and both lawyers by profession. Mr. WOODFORD is called an unknown lawyer. But although Mr. HOFFMAN was Recorder, we have not heard that he was of any distinction in his profession. During the war Mr. HOFFMAN was of Copperhead sympathies; Mr. WOODFORD was a devoted Unionist. Mr. HOFFMAN's very proper course of official duty led him to sentence the convicted rioters of 1863 to the utmost punishment. Mr. WOODFORD's sense of public duty led him to leave his profession, and raise a regiment, and march against the rebels. In consequence of Mr. HOFFMAN's sentence of the rioters his party, compelled at the end of the war to nominate a candidate who had some apparent claim upon the support of honest citizens, made Mr. HOFFMAN Mayor. So, in recognition of the great soldier element of the party in which he had been so faithful and efficient a worker, General WOODFORD was made Lieutenant-Governor.

As Lieutenant-Governor of the State he discharged all the duties of his office with universal approval. As Mayor of the city Mr. HOFFMAN's single remarkable act was his proclamation, just before the election of 1868, virtually denying the frauds which were notorious to every body actively concerned in politics—frauds which the editor of the *World* declared were within his knowledge, and were shameful—frauds which made Mr. HOFFMAN Governor. Mr. WOODFORD left office to return to his profession. Mr. HOFFMAN, as Governor, besides the routine duties of his position, is chiefly remarkable for his obedient signing of the Erie bill, one of the most monstrous prostitutions of official authority in our history—an act done for the advantage of political intriguers whose names are familiar to the State and the country.

The *World* calls Mr. HOFFMAN "a statesman," and sneers at General WOODFORD. The voters of New York will consider the career of the two gentlemen, and decide between their claims upon the confidence and support of honest and intelligent men. It is perfectly well known who is in power when Mr. HOFFMAN appears to be Governor. It is equally well known that Mr. WOODFORD is no man's instrument, and represents that better tendency in our politics which can certainly never be developed by the Democratic party. The contest will inevitably be close; but with the Congressional law to protect the ballot-box, with the profound conviction that the promises of the Democratic party are as worthless as rebel currency, with the general feeling that Democratic ascendency would be fatal to the true welfare of the country, with a long, strong, and unanimous Republican pull, the State of New York may be rescued and restored to its old political fidelity.

GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

IT is to be regretted that the attitude of Great Britain—which "Americus," a learned correspondent of the *Evening Post*, calls the representative power of the Teutonic race—apparently displeases Germany, and there has been report of a very crisp Prussian demand upon the British Government to respect its neutral obligations. The complaint of Prussia is our old complaint, that Great Britain does not efficiently enforce those obligations. As to the particular offense charged, the circular of Earl GRANVILLE, the British Foreign Minister, says very truly that different nations take different views at different times of what is contraband of war, and there are no general decisions. And if there were, neutrals could still convey contraband to neutral ports, and it is too much to ask that neutrals shall do the work of belligerents.

Great Britain is not accused of furnishing arms or ammunition to France to the prejudice of Germany, nor of violating any treaty obligation, but stress is laid by Prussia upon the fact that coal has been exported to France. But Prussian authors of the best repute have held that coal is not contraband, and if it were, the offense lies in the destination of the cargo, which must be decided by the belligerent prize court, and not by the British Government. Earl GRANVILLE, in a wholly frank and manly way, states the recent exportation from Great Britain of objects that might be denounced as contraband in proof of the equity of British action.

But the eager haste with which, as we stated last week, Parliament has amended the British neutrality law, shows an anxious wish not to appear wanting in honorable neutrality, even if it does not betray a slight doubt that there may have been some real offense. The action of Parliament is a sign of friendship which Prussia can not refuse to acknowledge and accept. If the change in the British law had been made upon our complaint during the rebellion in this country, our national feeling toward Great Britain would have been very different from that which exists. Nor can we doubt that the same sagacity which dictated the circular of Earl GRANVILLE, and which, at the instance of the Government, has amended the neutrality law, will perceive the justice and propriety of an expression of regret to the United States, accompanied with an offer of a settlement of the *Alabama* claims.

It is easy to say, and to believe, that the action of Great Britain is the result of fear; that in our case she supposed we were to be defeated, and therefore did not care to prejudice the conqueror, while she is now quite sure that Germany will be the victor, and so drops an anchor to windward. This view is unquestionably partly true. But it is still possible to believe that statesmanship is not solely inspired by the basest and most selfish views, and may sometimes rise to the perception of the policy of international friendship. Every unprejudiced Englishman must certainly see that Great Britain would not have acted unwisely for herself, would neither have injured her prestige nor her power, if she had been willing, by amending her neutrality law, to show a friendly wish to respect her neutral obligations toward us. Nations are strong in the sympathy of other nations, as well as in their own power, as Germany feels at this moment. It is a truth to which we do not believe Mr. GLADSTONE and Earl GRANVILLE are blind.

Meanwhile a good understanding between Great Britain and Germany is most desirable for every reason. Civilization could no more gain by a war between those powers than by a war between the United States and Great Britain. That we have suffered by British feeling and conduct during our war is no reason that we should wish to see Great Britain in trouble; for the misfortune of England could not be the advantage of America. To spite a neighbor may gratify an emotion of hostility, but it is not a promising method of promoting the harmony or the welfare of neighborhoods. There is no man in his senses who does not wish that the differences between the United States and Great Britain may be amicably adjusted; and, for similar reasons, that the friendly relations of Germany and England may not be disturbed. The power and influence of the press to this result are incalculable, and to treat pending questions in a tone of flippancy or bitterness is to assume the gravest responsibility.

THE RIGHTS OF MINORITIES.

THE late Convention at Reading, in Pennsylvania, to consider the minority system of representation is a significant sign of political progress. Illinois has just constitutionally provided for the voice of the minority in the election of members of the Legislature and of the managers of all incorporated companies in the State; and the Pennsylvania Convention suggests to the next Legislature of that State the adoption of a similar system for the election of various officers, and an act for a Constitutional Convention to embody this and other wise provisions in the fundamental law. The proposition in its simplest form is that, in a community of two thousand voters, the views of nine hundred and ninety-nine shall not be totally disregarded, but shall have a positive and authorized expression.

The opponents of the scheme say, indeed, that practically in the case supposed the representative does not disregard the opinions of the large minority; that not only his general intelligence, but his wish not to become obnoxious in a community so evenly divided, makes him very cautious and moderate; that, in fine, the minority really tempers his action, which is all that a minority can fairly expect. But, although this seems reasonable enough, the fact is otherwise. In a country like ours, where the policy of a party necessarily prevails, the members of that party, whether elected by an almost unanimous vote or by one majority, equally support the same party measures. It would not be possible upon studying the votes in Congress, for instance, to determine which representatives of the dominant party were elected by large and which by small majorities. Where the latter is the case the opinions of the minority do not in the least affect the representative's vote, and the minority is practically unrepresented.

Again, it is said by the opponents of the system that it would lead to the representation of special interests and classes, while it is desirable that the general interest should control legislation; and that the general interest is best expressed by the majority. But this is only a plausible objection. For, in fact, nine hundred and ninety-nine persons do not represent a special interest any more than a thousand and one persons do. In both cases the numbers represent those who agree upon a policy which is best for the general interest. Probably all intelligent people would admit that a representation of special interests would be very undesirable and surely fatal to wise legislation. Indeed, the vice of much of our present legislation is that it is dictated by certain special interests. The representative is hopelessly confused by the constituent who says to him: "Sir, the bellows-makers are protected, and I demand equal protection for the makers of fine-tooth combs." There is no consistent reply to such an argument; the member must vote for the demand. But deliberately to recognize and organize such a system, to have a Congress of representatives of bellows-makers and fine-tooth combs, would be very much more inconvenient than the present system.

The obvious advantage offered by the minority representation is that it gives to the Legislature the relative weight of numbers and opinion that actually exists in the country. If it be said that in critical emergencies this is not advisable, because great unanimity of sentiment and action is then often indispensable, and that it could not be expected in an exact representation of differing opinions, it must, on the other hand, be remembered that when great emergencies arise, as now in France, there is virtual unanimity in the Legislature, and that one of the advantages of minority representation is that it diminishes the probabilities of such emergencies. If the anti-slavery sentiment of the country had been proportionately represented in Congress, the insolent audacity of the slavery Democracy would have been checked.

It is evidently a subject which is exciting the interest of political thinkers. It made its appearance in our recent Constitutional Convention upon the proposition of Mr. HALE, then of Essex; and it was in a certain form adopted at the election of Judges of Appeals in the spring. Nor has any change so radical ever been received with more favor. Ex-Senator BUCKALEW, of Pennsylvania, has been one of the most earnest advocates of the reform; and he very truly says that it is in no sense a partisan, but a truly patriotic movement.

THE DEMOCRATS AND THE WAR.

AN influential Western German paper, the *Anzeiger des Westens*, published at St. Louis, calls attention to the striking fact that, with a few insignificant exceptions, "the entire Democratic press in America has taken side in the present war for France." And it adds, that "the insults which the Democratic papers now heap upon the Germans strike deep, and will not be forgotten." But the fact ought not to surprise any one who is familiar with the Democratic press. It is always upon the side which surprises the *Anzeiger*. The most malignant criticisms of JOHN BRIGHT, and other European liberals, that have appeared in the United States, have been those of Democratic papers; and Democratic papers also have steadily sung the praises of LOUIS NAPOLEON and Cæsarism. By all kinds of innuendoes and implications against those who were conspicuously opposed to him, by exculpations of his worst acts and by making the most of the less nefarious, the influence of that press has been generally thrown in favor of the Napoleonic empire.

Naturally, therefore, since the war began the Democratic press has vehemently favored the Emperor. We do not recall one hearty protest in any Democratic paper against the utterly wanton conduct of LOUIS NAPOLEON, which has brought such calamities upon the French people and upon Europe. That the war is any thing more than a trial of strength between two armies it seems not to be able to perceive. When LOUIS NAPOLEON put forth his foolish proclamation, its criticism was that he managed his case skillfully, and the events daily reported are interpreted as unfavorably to Germany as they possibly can be. The attempts of the Democratic papers to evacuate this position of hostility to the Germans in the war, and through them to European liberal progress, are as comical as they are futile. But the ludicrous effort only seems to show an uneasy consciousness of having blundered. It does not in the least disclose any perception of the fact that the cause of Germany is that of liberty and justice, as much for France as for itself. Indeed, the sincerity of fine words, extorted only by fears of political harm at home, and which are contradicted by the uniform tone of the papers that now use them, is not very impressive. Papers that have for years praised LOUIS NAPOLEON, and remember to say a few phrases about the people of Europe only when he is humbled, are not likely to deceive the dullest of their readers.

But the secret of the Democratic sympathy with LOUIS NAPOLEON, and of Democratic hostility to the Germans, which the *Anzeiger* remarks, is not merely the fact that some Irish capital was expected to be made out of it, as the Fenians had declared for France; it is much deeper. It is that the Democratic press for a

generation has been engaged in inventing excuses for slave-masters at home, and therefore naturally sympathizes with despots abroad. It has no sympathy with liberty in Europe, because it has been the relentless enemy of liberty in the United States. At this very moment, when it is unwillingly forced to say an apparently kind word for the poor masses in Europe, it is striving to put the poor masses of half of this country under the heel of hatred and prejudice. The moral and political perception of such a press is necessarily obscured. The intelligent and honorable public sentiment of this country has sympathized with Germany in the war, as in our late war it took part with the loyal men and the slaves in the Southern States against the oligarchy of Democratic rebel chiefs. But the former apologists of slavery, and the present enemies of equal political rights at home, are instinctively the friends of Cæsarism and the empire abroad.

And even had the present war been merely a contest between KING WILLIAM and LOUIS NAPOLEON, the fact that it was brought on without a pretense of excuse, "begun at the end," as GASPARIN says, by the Emperor, would have determined the sympathy of just and honorable minds. For all the horrible carnage of the last weeks at Haguenau, before Metz, and upon the Meuse—for the anguish of innumerable homes in France and Germany—for the devastation of peaceful countries, the ruin of great public works, and the incalculable waste and loss of war—for the present untold suffering of the people, and for the weight of taxation that will long keep fresh the bitterness of to-day, LOUIS NAPOLEON is morally responsible. The people of Europe, of France as well as of Germany, and the people of the United States, will neither forget him nor his feeble apologists elsewhere.

THE DUTY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

IT is under disastrous circumstances that the new republic begins in France, and every humane man will wish it moderation and sagacity. But the Foreign Minister, M. JULES FAVRE, began with something very like a mistake. He apparently expected Germany to stop the war. But Germany did not begin it. M. FAVRE declares that the King said he was defending himself against the Emperor, and, as the Emperor is gone, M. FAVRE seemed to expect the German armies to retire. But how was the Emperor able to attack Germany? Because of the support of France. The French people have adopted the Emperor's war, and it is for them to say that they wish to stop.

Before these words are printed we hope that they may do so. Certainly until then the King has no alternative. If from the field of Sedan he had said to the French people, "Have you had enough, and will you make peace?" there would have been a war of defiance. When he comes under the walls of Paris, if he reiterates the demand, and Paris should reply that it treats with no enemy who stands upon the soil of France, what is KING WILLIAM to do? Is he to retire beyond the Rhine, propose his conditions, and resume the war if they are rejected? Would the United States of America do so under similar circumstances? The controlling fact of the situation is, that France has adopted the war, and must, therefore, make the first overtures of peace. And this not from any Quixotic point of pride, but from the necessities of the situation. What possible security could Germany have that France, revived under a republic, would not renew the attack?

It is the moment for foreign and friendly states to represent to France the demands of the situation, and we have little doubt that they are doing so even now. That France has become a republic does not justify the war. The Germans are on French soil, indeed, but they are there because of the Emperor's war. France has rejected the Emperor; let her repudiate his war, and the Germans will retire. This is the logic of the situation, which M. JULES FAVRE seems to have failed to comprehend; and it is not affected by the change of the form of government.

THE OLD SERPENT.

THE tenacious refusal of the Democratic party to recognize any of the fundamental changes wrought by the war, or, more truly speaking, made evident by the war, is extraordinary. But it is not to be regretted, as it reveals more plainly the tendency and policy of the party. If the bloody attempt at secession might have been supposed to prove any thing, it is that the people of this country will not tolerate the old theory of State sovereignty. Any effort to recuperate that doctrine is necessarily anarchical. That the Union is paramount; that the States, equal as they constitutionally are, have no right, upon any pretense whatever, to disturb the Union, which is the guarantee of that common equality, has been settled finally and forever. The attempt, therefore, to insinuate the old dogma, and under obscure phrases to renew the declaration of the State authority as supreme, is merely a reopening of the whole angry discussion.

Thus the Democratic party of Georgia, not daring to assert openly that the State reserves the right to withdraw from the Union if it chooses, but wishing to foster as ugly and hostile a feeling as possible, has just resolved:

"That the Democratic party of the State of Georgia stand upon the principles of the Democratic party of the Union, bringing into special prominence, as applicable to the present extraordinary condition of the country, the unchangeable determination that this is a Union of States, and the indestructibility of the States, and of their rights, and of their equality with each other, is an indispensable part of our political system."

This is part of the whole policy of the non-acquiescence of the Democratic party in the results of the war and in reconstruction. It is not satisfied with the decision in the field, nor with the repeated judgments of the country. It is not content with the election of 1868, which was an appeal to the people upon the validity of Republican reconstruction, which proceeded upon views wholly irreconcilable with the Democratic dogmas. Indeed, the Democratic party knows only too well that the moment it leaves its old ground of injustice to the negro, and concedes that every citizen should be civilly and politically equal, and that the States form a really national Union, and not a confederacy at the pleasure of a packed vote of its weakest member, that moment it is irretrievably lost. It coheres as a party because it is the organization of all the disaffected to the Government upon every ground, and of all who still cherish the theories which hard experience has exposed and refuted.

It is for the people of the country to decide whether its peace and progress are likely to be promoted by a party which steadily insists that the Union is a mere league of sovereign States—the dogma of CALHOUN, and inevitably the root of endless jealousy and confusion.

A BRITISH STATUE OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

MR. VERNON HARCOURT, known as "Historicus" of the London *Times*, writes to that paper a letter upon the projected statue to STONEWALL JACKSON by his British admirers, which is to be erected at Richmond. He very vehemently accuses Mr. BERESFORD HOPE and his friends of mischief-making, and exhorts them to spend their money more wisely. But that is advice thrown away. Mr. BERESFORD HOPE and his friends are constantly engaged in demonstrating that they are not wise men, and therefore they can not act wisely.

On the other hand, "Historicus" need not be troubled for us. If the friends of STONEWALL JACKSON wish to erect a statue to him, they can do so without exasperating any body. But it would be a very foolish thing to do, because bronze endures longer than the men or the passions of any period. And when the Southern feeling that attended our late war has gradually passed away, as it surely will—"the King over the water" will not be always toasted—the cause in which STONEWALL JACKSON fought will be more remembered than the skill and sagacity which he displayed in fighting. His valor was horribly misapplied. If the statue were erected, and a true inscription placed upon the pedestal, it would read: "To a religious man and a brave soldier, who fell in the effort to extend human slavery."

Mr. BERESFORD HOPE and his friends might wisely consider whether that is the kind of memorial which the descendants of STONEWALL JACKSON would wish to see.

NOTES.

THE New York *World* speaks of "the note of freedom summoning the people to possess their own" as the "one only clarion note which rouses the Democratic heart." Considering that the maintenance and extension of the most hopeless system of slavery in the world was for a generation the chief policy of the Democratic party, that it now bitterly opposes the political equality of a large part of the people of this country, and that its "one only clarion note" is the cry "D— the nigger!" the reader of this amusing assertion will naturally remark, with Mr. Squeers: "Here's richness!"

TWELVE years ago Mr. SEWARD made a speech at Rochester, in which he defined the great contest in the country between liberty and slavery as "the irrepressible conflict." Thereupon he was fiercely attacked in many newspapers as if he had advised universal hatred and bloodshed. One paper especially, because of his simple statement of a fact, pursued him for years as the author of "the brutal and bloody manifesto." In the same paper, which has seen the justification of Mr. SEWARD's words, we now read in reference to his journey to China: "Heaven keep the grand old statesman through the long journey that he has undertaken. He has escaped the assassin's knife and survived long years of arduous labor for his country, and when he dies at last we hope it will be within the limits of that country and in his own homestead." What a pity that the paper was not keen enough to perceive that Mr. SEWARD was a grand old statesman, instead of a brutal and bloody disorganizer, at the time when the perception might have been of some use to the country!

ARCHBISHOP M'CLOSKEY, in his address replying to the welcome from the members of his diocese, also says, substantially, that the dogma of Papal Infallibility has always been held by the Roman Catholic Church. The Archbishop, however, must be aware that this assertion is directly and unconditionally denied by some of the chief scholars and dignitaries of his Church. And, as we have already shown from the words of the dogma, if the doctrine as now announced has been always held by the Church, the action of the Council is wholly superfluous, because the Pope, according to the words of the dogma, is infallible whether the Council acknowledges the fact or not.

THE HARPERS have just issued a "Life of Dickens," by the author of the "Life of Thackeray," which is a delightful sketch of the career and works of the novelist. The work, which is of moderate size and cost, is enriched by some very interesting illustrations of the houses in which Mr. DICKENS lived at various times, and in which he wrote his different tales. There are also several of the portraits taken at different times in his career, and a study of DICKENS's characters, drawn by "Phiz," Mr. HABLOT K. BROWNE, who was the original delineator of most of the famous DICKENS figures. The book has also an account of the unpleasant difference between DICKENS and THACKERAY—a difference which was happily forgotten before THACKERAY died. The tone and treatment of the interesting subject of this little book are unexceptionable, and it is sure to hold a permanent place among the memorials of the author.

THE HARPERS have also published an American novel, "The New Timothy," by the author of "Inside;" and it is truly an American novel, and one of the most original and racy. Like the "Chronicle of Secession," which was the sub-title of "Inside," it is rather a series of continuous sketches than a regularly developing tale. The theme is the life of a young clergyman in a Southwestern village, just before the war; and around him are collected groups of figures and pictures of society and scenery which are unique in themselves, and are brought out with the most vivid touches of humorous characterization. The book is well worth reading for its freshness and spirit, its shrewd observation, and insight into character.

THE Prince De Joinville, who was first known in this country as a young naval officer upon *La Belle Poule*, and who danced gayly at the balls of the last generation in New York, and who afterward came, during our war, a graver and older man, with sympathies for the good cause, has just written a manly and touching letter upon the French situation. He takes of course, and with fervor, the part of his country. He sees only France desolated and stricken. But he feels the want of leadership. "We must be commanded. Shall we be so?" And again: "If our army finds a chief to direct it, the efforts of the Prussians will be exhausted in the centre of France, and they will find their Borodino there. Nothing is lost, and I still dream of a great national movement by which France will hurl the enemy from her soil. Hours, minutes, are precious. I am no longer myself." The Prince, who is a man, like his brothers, of intelligence and capacity, says that he can not understand the action of the French Chambers, as if there could be any other thought than national unity and salvation. He says that he has received no reply to his offer to serve in the army under the Emperor, and asserts: "Whatever may be the character of the present Government, it is better than a provisional one, from the simple fact that it is organized. And, if resistance can be prolonged, it is it alone which will have to submit to the law of the conqueror. But any thing in preference to this alternative." Nothing could more plainly show the extremity of France than such a letter from such a man.

MR. FREDERICK KAPP, long a well-known citizen of New York, and a most efficient Commissioner of Emigration, who returned to Germany to reside, last spring, gives the following explanation of the greater readiness of the Prussians for the war:

"The reason why we were ready sooner than the French is that the French marched their regiments, incomplete as they were, to the frontier, and ordered those who were on leave, or who belonged to their reserves, to join their regiments singly as well as they could. These men were scattered all over France, while according to the Prussian system every regiment is raised in a certain district, where the reserves and those on leave of absence can be called in a few hours. When a Prussian regiment reaches the place of its destination it is complete and ready to fight, while it is very difficult in France and other states of Europe to reach the normal war strength of the various regiments; in all cases more men were ready for service in every Prussian regiment than were required to make them complete. As much as possible the married Landwehr men were refused, because a sufficient number of single men offered themselves. Those Landwehr men who distinguished themselves in the war of 1863 are assigned to the fortresses, in order to give the younger ones an opportunity to serve in front."

NOTWITHSTANDING the vehement assertion upon the part of many of the bishops who were at the Council, especially of Archbishop PURCELL, that the new dogma does not give the Pope any claim to political supremacy beyond his own dominions, we observe that the Baron VON BEUST, the sagacious Austrian Prime Minister, urged the abrogation of the Concordat between Austria and Rome, upon the ground that it was impossible to maintain relations with a power whose pretensions were suddenly found to be illimitable.

IN his "Life of Charles Dickens," published by Messrs. T. B. PETERSON & Co., Philadelphia, Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE offers us a most entertaining and instructive personal and literary history. Dr. MACKENZIE is a very warm admirer but not an indiscriminate eulogist of the great author, and his graphic and vivacious pen carries the reader on from page to page, from one event of DICKENS's life to another, from one book to the next, blending the story of the man and the author so intimately that the whole work leaves a very characteristic impression of its subject; for in the minds of all his admirers the man DICKENS is inseparable from the novelist. The book is full of fresh anecdotes, and of copious information and speculation upon the originals of many of the most familiar characters in the novels, and it is enriched with a collection of many of DICKENS's uncollected pieces and notes hitherto unpublished, with his will and Dean STANLEY's sermon. It is a fresh and most pleasant survey of the busy and beneficent life of one of the greatest of our contemporaries. Necessarily, it was written in haste, but obviously, also, the material has been carefully collected, and was held in readiness. To the same haste we must attribute one or two little "digs," which we are sorry to see, and which jar upon the general good-humor of a book which will be read with great interest by every one who begins it.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

IMMEDIATELY after the declaration of *déchéance* by the Corps Législatif, and the formation of a provisional government, the Republic was proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville. A government of national defense, composed of eleven members and all the Deputies of Paris, was constituted, and ratified by popular acclamation. The names of the eleven are Arago, Emanuel Cremieux, Jules Favre, Jules Ferry, Gambetta, Garnier-Pages, Glais-Bizoin, Eugene Pelletan, M. Picard, Rochefort, and Jules Simon. General Trochu was appointed Minister of War, in place of Count Palikao, and continued in the position of Governor of Paris.

The new ministry at once entered into negotiations with foreign powers, several of which promptly recognized the Republic as a government *de facto*, the United States being among the first. The King of Prussia, it is said, declines to acknowledge the new government, and continues to regard Napoleon III. as the rightful ruler of France.

Immediately after the surrender of Marshal M'Mahon's army the Prussians, leaving a large force to watch Bazaine at Metz, advanced upon Paris by two routes, on the north from Sedan, and on the east from Chalons, and were expected to unite before the French capital about the 14th inst. The defenses of the city are said to be complete. It is generally admitted that no regular siege can take place without such an augmentation of the Prussian army as would take every able-bodied man in Germany. King William is said to have declared that he would not attempt to reduce the city by a bombardment, but would starve the inhabitants into submission by cutting the railway communications, shutting off supplies, and keeping the population in a constant panic by means of harassing cavalry raids. Meanwhile the most energetic efforts are making to provision the city for a long siege, and the military strength of the defenders has been greatly augmented by the arrival of General Vinoy from Chalons with a powerful corps d'armée. The railroads and forests about the city have been destroyed, so as to delay the Prussian advance.

Marshal Bazaine still holds out at Metz. It was rumored, but apparently without foundation, that he recently made a successful sortie, and that a large portion of his army broke through the Prussian lines and escaped. The defense of Strasbourg is heroically maintained. It is reported that a deputation has set out from Berne to intercede with King William against the further bombardment of a city which can exert no influence on the fortune of the war. The little fortress of Toul holds out gallantly at last advices, and the Garde Mobile defending it have made a sortie with some damage to the besiegers. Laon, a small town on the line of the Prussian advance, surrendered to escape bombardment. The Prussians blew up the fortifications.

A London dispatch says that three energetic dispatches have gone through from Washington to Berlin, all against a continuance of the war.

The Empress Eugénie and her son are at the Marine Hotel in Hastings, England. Her meeting with the Prince Imperial was most sad and touching. The Prince threw himself into his mother's arms, sobbing, "*O, mon pauvre papa!*"

It is reported that intrigues among some of the German princes have occasioned great uneasiness at Berlin, and that King William has been entreated to return home.

The Paris correspondent of the *World* telegraphs that advices from Florence indicate that the Italian government has determined to forestall all revolutionary movements in Italy and Rome by an official occupation of the Roman territory, without the slightest intention of harming the Pope, but to preserve the Catholic world from a great catastrophe. Several members of the College of Cardinals have given in their adhesion to the necessity of this step. The Italian army now holds all the roads north and south leading into the Roman territory. An Italian squadron is at Civita Vecchia. No conflict is anticipated with the Zouaves, General Kemzler, the Papal War Minister, having given his opinion that the Papal forces do not justify any attempt at resistance. The Prussian government has notified the Italian government that it has no intention of interfering in any way with the question of Rome. Upon the occupation of the city a popular vote will be taken throughout the Papal States upon the annexation of the Papal territory to Italy.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The British iron-clad *Captain*, one of the most powerful war ships ever launched, foundered off Cape Finisterre, during a sudden gale, on the night of September 6. She had 500 men on board, all of whom but eighteen were lost.

A convention of Roman Catholic professors at Nuremberg, Germany, has demanded a new council to revise the proceedings of the recent Œcumenical Council.

It is stated in England that the British and French governments, as soon as the latter is settled, will declare war upon China, in order to obtain satisfaction for the massacres at Tien-tsin.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE New York State Convention of War Veterans met at Saratoga September 6, and passed a long list of resolutions, indorsing General Grant's administration, expressing sympathy for the Germans in the present war, and for the Cubans in their struggle, and urging integrity, union, and harmony in the councils of the Republican party.

Mr. Wendell Phillips has been nominated for Governor of Massachusetts by the Labor Reform Convention of that State.

The diminutive craft, the *City of Ragusa*, three tons burden, arrived safely at Boston on the 8th instant, having made the trip from Queenstown in eighty days.

Over a million of dollars have been left by the late John Simmons, of Boston, to found a female seminary.

An immense natural cave has been discovered near Corinne, Utah. It has been explored for two miles without any termination or outlet being found.

The Kioway Indians are reported as behaving outrageously, stealing provisions, driving off cattle, and defying the authority of their agent. They have, however, given up the captive Krosier family, consisting of a mother and five children, and received $600 as a ransom.

WOUNDED FRENCH PRISONERS ESCORTED FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD BY A DETACHMENT OF BAVARIANS.
[See PAGE 620.]

IMPERIAL HEAD-QUARTERS AT GRAVELOTTE, FIVE MINUTES AFTER THE EMPEROR'S DEPARTURE.—[SEE PAGE 615.]

SCENE IN ETAIN, ON THE ROAD FROM METZ TO VERDUN.
[SEE PAGE 615.]

A BURYING PARTY OF FRENCH PEASANTS ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.
[SEE PAGE 615.]

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

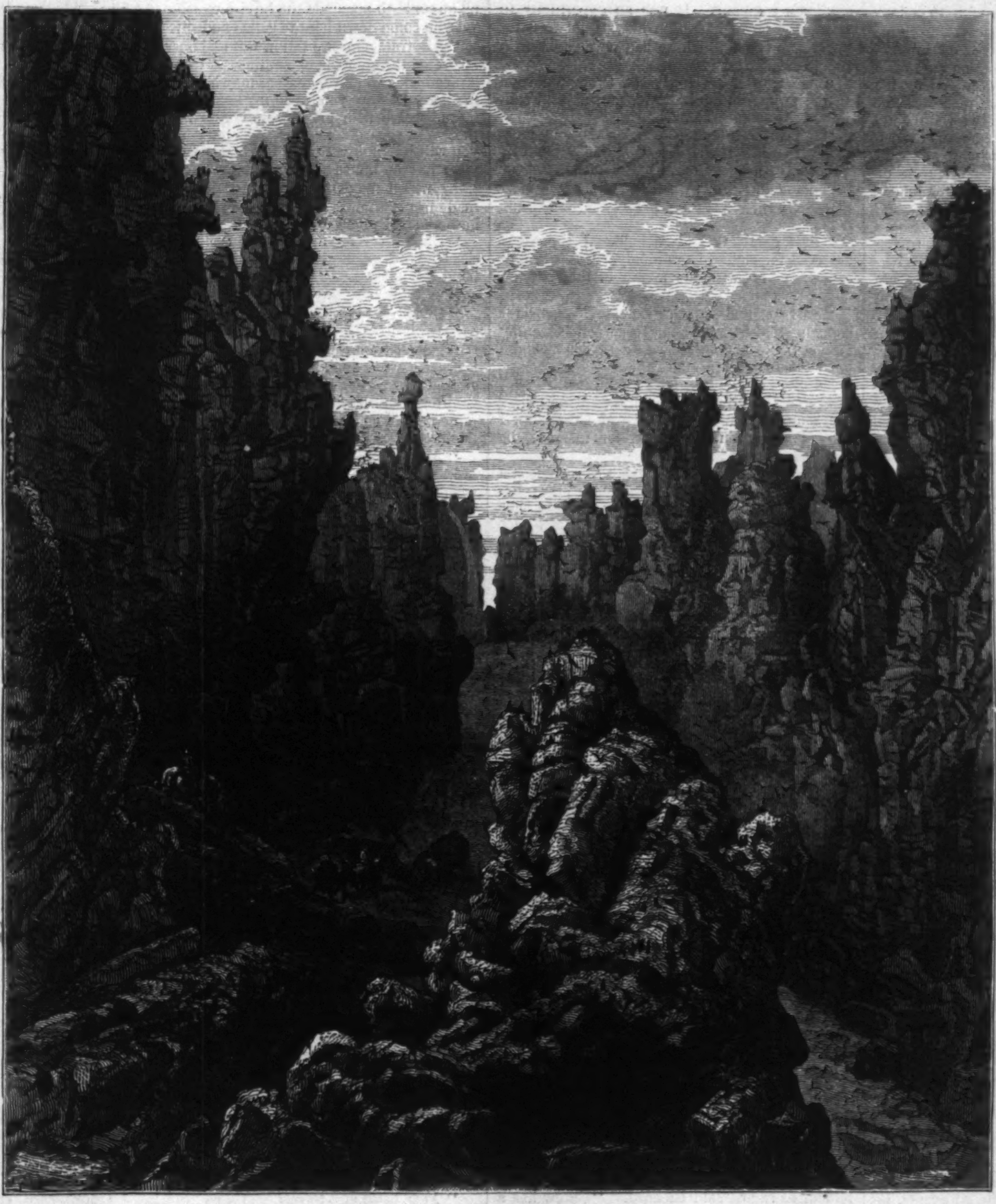
A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

CHAPTER II.

How the Danish Adventurers settled Reykjavik.—Primitive Substitute for Chart and Compass.—The Interior of Iceland.—A Volcanic Chasm.—Traveling on Horseback.

About eight hundred years ago two young Danish noblemen, who had made themselves amenable to the law, by some act of rapine or violence, found themselves compelled to quit their country. They were still strong enough, however, to attach to themselves a considerable number of attendants and followers—sufficient to found a colony—and they concluded to sail to the northwest, and take possession of some one of the islands which were known to exist there; for the art of navigation, as rudely though very effectively practiced in those days, had already made very considerable progress.

DEPARTURE OF A TRAVELER.



A VOLCANIC CHASM.

So they embarked their goods and their men on board a ship, and set sail. It seems that the Faroe Islands had already been settled, for the account states that they touched at these islands on their way, to visit some friends. On leaving the Faroe Islands they steered to the northward, in search of Iceland, and they adopted a very ingenious mode of finding it. They had three or four sacred birds on board, such as it seems were customarily used by navigators in those times for the purpose about to be described. After sailing two days they released one of the birds from the deck of the ship, accompanying the act with certain very solemn religious ceremonies. The bird ascended high into the air, and then, after apparently making its survey, turned to the southward and flew back toward the Faroe Islands. This made it evident that the voyagers had not yet proceeded far enough.

They sailed on for two days more, and then released another bird. This second messenger went high into the air, and after hovering about for a time, descended and alighted again on board the ship.

They sailed on. A day or two afterward they sent forth a third bird. This last envoy, after ascending as the others had done, flew off toward the northward. They inferred that the land of their destination was in sight, and followed the direction which the flight of the bird had indicated.

Whether this method of finding the way at sea, in lieu of the compass, quadrant, and charts of the present day, was invented by the navigators of those times, or was derived from the Mosaic account of Noah and his dove, is left to conjecture.

When the ship which conveyed these adventurers approached the coast they decided upon their place of landing not through any survey or examination of the shores, but by means of a religious rite very characteristic of the times. They threw overboard certain pieces of wood which were derived from their ancient household goods or furniture—and so were invested with a sacred character in their eyes—and followed these as their guide, wherever the winds and currents conveyed them. They were led in this way to the harbor of Reykjavik, so says the legend; and in this way that spot became the seat of the colony.

The settlement which these adventurers thus commenced was increased from time to time, by the coming of other fugitives and exiles, until at length it became quite an important colony. The rapidity of its growth was greatly increased by religious persecution in the mother country, in consequence of which, in the two or three succeeding centuries, great numbers of people were driven from their native land. It is melancholy to think to how great an extent the dispersion of mankind over the earth, in modern times, has been owing to the cruelty and hate which superstition, in the name of religion, has enkindled in the heart of man against his fellow-man. Results of vast and inexpressible benefit to the race have thus been accomplished through the agency of the most hateful passions, and at the cost of an inconceivable amount of the most intense and bitter individual suffering.

The colony gradually increased as centuries rolled on, and though the resources of the community were small, the people were frugal and industrious; and as a regular, though not frequent, intercourse was kept up with the mother country, a considerable degree of refinement and cultivation was attained by certain classes of the inhabitants. A recent visitor to the island, from whose narrative we derive many of the facts stated in this article, M. Noël Nugaret, says that he found sixteen pianos in Reykjavik, and that during the five open months of the year the fashionable society of the place, consisting of the families of the merchants, the government officers, the professors in the institutions of learning, and the naval officers from on board the ships of various nations which during that season often visit those seas, are as much occupied, in their measure, with dinners, balls, concerts, and parties of pleasure of every kind, as the corresponding class in any of the great cities of more genial climes.

Journeying can only be performed on horseback, as there are no roads in the country, and consequently no carriages. The interior of the island is a vast desert of ragged volcanic rocks, interspersed here and there with sulphureous plains, gloomy and solitary lakes, and vast chasms, made terrible sometimes by craters still burning, and sometimes by vent-holes ejecting steam and stones and fire. When we consider that the island is about three hundred miles long and two hundred broad, it is easy to see how great the difficulties must be of making any general exploration of so vast a territory, with no roads, no inhabitants, no water communications, no resources for food, and no natural shelter.

Still the people have a mode of journeying of their own. They have a race of horses on the island somewhat like the ponies of the neighboring Shetlands—small, wild, or at least not more than half civilized, but which answer tolerably well as beasts of burden, provided the burdens are not too heavy. The amount of baggage which a party requires is large, as the tents, the forage, the provisions, and every thing else that is required must be carried, even to a supply of horseshoes and nails; and as the animals are not strong enough to carry the requisite loads continuously, and as no relays can be procured on the route, it is necessary to take two sets of beasts, so that each may do the work in turn and relieve the others, those relieved having thus only to walk along at their ease, with no burdens to bear, until their turn comes round again. This system involves the necessity of taking a large number of animals, which make, when the party is moderately large, quite a long cavalcade.

The horses employed on this service are provided with very little harness or tackling. The silence and solitude, when they fairly enter the interior, being such that they seem to be inspired, like the human visitor whom they convey, with a sense of solemnity and awe, and are only too glad to keep at all times close to their companions. At the commencement of their journey, however, they are usually ready enough to break away from the caravan and return, so that some restraint upon their freedom is required for a certain time. The arrangement made to secure this is to fasten the spare horses each between two burdened ones, and to connect the whole train by fastening the head of each horse to the tail of the one preceding him. Thus the traveler at the outset of his journey sees a very whimsical cavalcade setting out before him, with his guide on the foremost horse to lead the way.

It is necessary to keep the horses thus under restraint for some distance, until they are far enough away from home to feel when freed a greater sense of

ICELAND LADIES.

THE BISHOP.

safety in keeping with their companions than in attempting to return. Both men and horses are glad when this time comes; the horses because they are liberated from restraint, and the men because they can now travel at their ease, and at a more rapid rate. For, of course, while fastened together in a line in such a manner, it is only at a very slow pace that animals can advance over so rough a country, with nothing but the merest tracks to guide them, as in the interior of Iceland there are no roads. When liberated from their fastenings to each other the horses can go on pretty well, and they all, whether laden or light, follow on very obediently in line, unless, perchance, a spot of verdure comes within sight, as they are moving along. Then they have no hesitation in breaking ranks and making the best of their way, heedless of all remonstrances, to the alluring spot. Here they become completely "demoralized," and it requires disciplinary measures of the most energetic character, on the part both of the traveler and his guide, to bring them back to their duty. Some of them are so intoxicated with delight that they lie down and attempt to roll upon the grass, with their burden of baggage bound to their backs.

Nor is the country entirely without inhabitants. As far back as any vegetation extends a hut is here and there found, occupied by the peasant owner of the animals that feed upon the grass. These huts are roofed with turf, and some of them, from a distance, present the aspect of a mere grass-covered mound of earth, built up in some sheltered corner or recess of the rocks, with an opening for entrance in one end, like the hole of a wild beast, or the entrance to a tomb. Some of these peasants have rude refreshments to sell to such passing travelers as come their way.

In some portions of the island there are groups of these scattered habitations sufficient in number to accommodate a population large enough to form a parish, and to require a church. The churches thus provided are, perhaps, the simplest and most unpretending temples of worship to be found on the globe. They are built of wood, on foundations of lava. Many of them stand in the most wild and solitary places, and are accessible only by the roughest paths; and they are often used, as will be seen more fully in the sequel, for other than religious purposes. The minister lives in the neighborhood of the church, sometimes in one of the semi-subterranean huts already described. The religion is Lutheran. There are one or two hundred churches scattered around the shores, and for a short distance into the interior of the island, over whom one bishop, a man of simple habits, and free and familiar in his intercourse with the people, presides.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

WORKING ON A PIVOT.

NEVER had Richard been in such high spirits as on the evening of that day on which Harry had made confession to him of her love, and had promised to be his wife should her father's consent be gained. It was true that she had been far from sanguine upon the latter point; but Richard had his reasons for being of a different opinion. It would be better, every way, if he could obtain Trevethick's good-will; not that he at all shared in the girl's dread of his anger, but because it really seemed that if he married her from her father's roof he should be fulfilling his mother's injunctions in making alliance with an heiress. What with his two thousand pounds in gold, and his inn, and his lucky mine, it was plain that the old man would have no despicable sum to leave behind him; and yet, to do Richard justice, this only formed an additional incentive to a project upon which, at all events, he had long set his heart. He had resolved at all hazards to make the girl his wife. His love for her was as deep as it was passionate; and now that he was assured from her own lips of its being returned, his heart was filled with joy, and spoke out of its abundance. It had been hitherto his habit in that family circle round the bar-parlor fire to play the part of listener rather than of talker. He had mainly confined himself to the exhibition of an attentive interest in Solomon's stories, or in his host's sagacious observations with respect to the investment of capital, such as: "One couldn't be too cautious where one put one's money;" and, "Where the interest was high the risk was great, and where it was low it was not worth while to let it leave one's hand." Next to the subject of local superstition, "investment" was the favorite subject of debate between Trevethick and "Sol;" and Richard, whose ignorance insured his impartiality, had been the judicious scale-holder between them. But upon the present occasion it was the young artist who led the talk and chose the matter. He told them of the splendors of Crompton and of the marvelous prodigality of its owner, and they listened with greedy ears. To vulgar natures, the topic of mere wealth is ever an attractive one, and in the present instance there was an additional whet to appetite in the connection of Carew with Gethin. He was naturally an object of curiosity to his tenant Trevethick, and never before had the old man had the opportunity of hearing at first hand of the eccentricities of the Squire. In relating them Richard took good care to show by implication on what intimate terms he stood with him, and hinted at the obligation under which he had put him by throwing his park gate open so opportunely. The impression which he left upon his audience, and desired to leave, was, that Carew was indebted to him for having saved his life.

"Then it is likely the Squire would do any thing for you that you chose to ask him?" observed Trevethick, with the thought of his own debt to Solomon's father doubtless in his mind.

"Well, he certainly ought to do so," answered Richard, carelessly; "but, on the other hand, it is not very probable that I shall put him to the test."

"Just so," returned Trevethick, sucking at his pipe; "you're independent of the likes of him."

"Altogether," was Richard's reply.

The old man spoke no more, but sat in a cloud of smoke and thought for the rest of the evening. Even when "Sol" rose up to go—Harry having retired long since, for they kept very early hours at the *Gethin Castle*—the landlord did not, as usual, accompany him, but mixed himself another glass of his favorite liquor. As for Richard, it was not his custom to seek his bed until after midnight; so Trevethick and he were left to one another's company. It was an opportunity to which the latter had been looking forward for many a day, but which he had never desired so keenly as at that moment.

"Are you likely to be at Crompton soon again?" inquired the landlord, pursuing the subject of the evening's talk.

"I have no intention of going there at present," returned Richard. "The fact is, Mr. Trevethick, between ourselves, I am but a poor man in comparison with many of those I meet there, and their ways and habits are too expensive for me."

"Ay! gambling and such like, I suppose?" observed the landlord, cunningly. "It is 'Light come light go' with the money of that sort of folk, I reckon."

"Just so; and though my money comes light enough—that is, I have not to earn it, since my mother makes me an allowance—I don't choose to risk it at the card-table."

"Quite right, quite right, young gentleman," answered the other, approvingly. "But there are some prudent gentry even at Crompton, I suppose. Parson Whymper, for instance, he don't gamble, do he?"

"Certainly not; he is much too sagacious a man, even if he were rich enough, to play; but for him, indeed, some say the Squire would have come to the end of his tether before this. He manages every thing at Crompton, as you know."

"And yet Carew don't want money?" said the landlord, musing.

"Well, I have been his guest," returned Richard, smiling; "and it is scarcely fair of me to speak of his embarrassments. He does not certainly want it so much but that he can still afford to indulge his whims, Mr. Trevethick, if *that's* what you mean."

"That's just what I *did* mean," said the old man, frankly. "Six months ago or so I made a certain proposition to the Squire, which would have been exceedingly to his advantage to accept—"

"And not to yours?" interrupted Richard, slyly.

"Nay, I don't say that, Sir," answered the other. "But it was one that he ought to have been glad to accept in any case, and which it was downright madness in him to refuse, if he wanted cash. It was a chance, too, I will venture to say, that will never offer itself from any other quarter. Mr. Whymper acknowledged that himself."

"I know all about the matter, Mr. Trevethick: the Squire behaved like the dog in the manger to you. He won't work the mine himself, nor yet let you work it."

"For mercy's sake, be quiet!" cried the landlord, earnestly, and looking cautiously about him. "If you know all about it, you need not let others know. What mine are you talking about? Give it a name—but speak it under your breath, man." The old man leaned forward with a white moist face, and peered into Richard's eyes as though he would read his soul.

"Wheal Danes was the name of the place, if I remember right," said Richard. "Carew has a notion that the Romans did not use it up, and that it only wants capital to make it a paying concern. It is one of his mad ideas, doubtless."

Mr. John Trevethick was not by nature a quick appreciator of sarcasm, but he could not misunderstand the irony expressed in Richard's words.

"And is *that* what you came down to Gethin about?" inquired he, with a sort of grim despair, which had nevertheless a comical effect.

Richard could only trust himself to nod his head assentingly.

"Well," cried the other, striking the table with his fist, "if I didn't think you was as deep as the devil the very first day that I set eyes on you! So you are Parson Whymper's man, are you?" And here, in default of language to express his sense of the deception that, as he supposed, had been practiced on him, Mr. Trevethick uttered an execration terrible enough for a Cornish giant.

"I am not Mr. Whymper's man at all," observed Richard, coolly. "Mr. Whymper is *my* man—or at least he will be one day or another."

"How so?" inquired the landlord, his eyes at their full stretch, his mouth agape, and his neglected pipe in his right hand. "Who, in the Fiend's name, *are* you?"

"I am the only son and heir of Carew of Crompton," answered the young man, deliberately.

"You? Why, Carew never had a son," exclaimed Trevethick, incredulously; "leastways, not a lawful one. He was married once to a wench of the name of Hardcastle, 'tis true; but that was put aside."

"I tell you I am Carew's lawful son, nevertheless," persisted Richard. "My mother was privately married to him. Ask Parson Whymper, and he will tell you the same. It is true that my father has not acknowledged me, but I shall have my rights some day—and Wheal Danes along with the rest."

The news of the young man's paternity must have been sufficiently startling to him who thus received it for the first time, and would, under any other circumstances, have doubtless excited his phlegmatic nature to the utmost; but what concerns ourselves in even a slight degree is, with some of us, more absorbing than the most vital interests of another; and thus it was with Trevethick. The ambitious pretensions of his lodger sank into insignificance—notwithstanding that, for the moment, he believed in them; for how, unless he was what he professed to be, could he know so much?—before the disappointment which had befallen himself in the overthrow of a long-cherished scheme.

"Why, Mr. Whymper wrote me with his own hand," growled he, "that in his judgment the mine was worthless, and that he had done all he could to persuade the Squire to sell. And yet you come down here to gauge and spy."

"All stratagems are fair in war and business," answered the young man, smiling. "Come, Mr. Trevethick; whatever reasons may have brought me here, I assure you, upon my honor, that they do not weigh with me now, in comparison with the great regard I feel for you and yours. If you will be frank with me, I will also be so with you; and let me say this at the outset, that nothing which may drop from your lips shall be made use of to prejudice your interests. I have gathered this much for myself, that Wheal—"

"Hush, Sir! for any sake, hush!" implored the landlord, earnestly, and holding up his huge hand for silence. "Do not give it a name again; there is some one moving above stairs."

"It is only Solomon," observed Richard, quietly.

"I don't want Sol nor any other man alive to hear what we are talking about, Mr. Yorke," answered Trevethick, hoarsely. "You have gathered for yourself, you were about to say, that the mine is rich, and well worth what I have offered for it."

"And a good deal more," interrupted Richard. "Perhaps a hundred times, perhaps a thousand times as much. We don't make so close a secret of a matter without our reasons. We don't see Dead Hands, with flames of fire at the finger-tips, going up and down ladders that don't exist, without the most excellent reasons, Mr. Trevethick. What we wish no eye to see, nay, no ear to hear spoken of, is probably a subject of considerable private importance to ourselves. Come, we are friends here together; I say again, let us be frank."

Trevethick was silent for a little; he felt a lump rise in his throat, as though nature itself forbade him to disclose the secret he had kept so long and so jealously guarded. "I have known it for these fifty years," he began, in a half-choking voice. "I found it out as a mere lad, when I went down into the old mine one day for sport, with some schoolmates. The vein lies in the lowest part of the old workings, at a depth that we think nothing of nowadays, though it was too deep for the old masters of the pit. I remember, as though it was yesterday, how my heart leaped within me when my torch shone upon it, and how I fled away, lest my schoolfellows should see it also. I came back the next day alone, to certify my great discovery. It is a good vein, if ever there was one. The copper there may be worth tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions!" Never had the numeration table been invested with such significance. Trevethick's giant frame shook with emotion; his eyes literally glared with greed.

"You have been there since?" observed Richard, interrogatively.

"Often, often," answered the other, hoarsely; "I could not keep away. But nobody else has been there. The place is dark and perilous; there are rats, and bats, and eerie creatures all about it. And folks are afraid, because of the Dead Hand and the Flame."

"*Your* hand and torch?"

"Yes. I did my best to keep the place my own; my thoughts were never absent from it for a day. And when I had earned a little money I put it by, and more to that, and more to that again, till I had got enough to make a bid for the lease of the old mine. But Carew was under age; so that fell through. I bided my time, and bid again; not much—not enough, as I fondly thought, to excite suspicion—but still what would seem a good price for a disused pit. Then I bid more and more; but Carew will neither sell nor let; and my money grows and grows in vain. I tell you I have laid by a fortune only to pour into his hand. It is ready for him to-night; there would be no haggling, no asking for time—it would be paid him in hard cash. How long, thought I, will this madman balk me with his whim? He will die some day in his cups, or break his neck in hunting, and I shall surely come in with my offer to his heir, and have my way at last, and win my prize. But now, after all my patience and my pains, I am overmatched by a Parson and a Boy." He spoke with uncommon heat and passion—not complainingly. His face was dark, and his tone violent, and even menacing. There was no mistake about his having accepted his companion's invitation to be frank.

"Mr. Trevethick," said Richard, gravely, "your disappointment would be natural enough, if your long-cherished plan had really failed; but you have misunderstood me altogether. I am grateful to you for confiding to me the whole of what I had already guessed in part; and you shall have no reason to repent your confidence. Your secret is safer now than it has ever been; for from my lips Mr. Whymper shall never have his suspicions with respect to Wheal Danes confirmed. I have been too long your guest, I feel myself too much the friend of you and yours, to act in any way to your disadvantage."

Trevethick looked at him inquiringly, suspicion and disfavor glowing in his dusky face. "But if your story is true, young gentleman, this mine will be your own some day?"

"It may, or it may not be, Mr. Trevethick. My father's intentions are not to be counted upon, as you must be well aware, for twenty-four hours. But if ever Wheal Danes is mine—" Richard hesitated a moment, while the landlord devoured him with his eyes.

"Well," cried he, impatiently, "what then?"

"I am willing to make over to you, as soon as I come of age, by deed, all interest that I may have in it—on one condition."

"Make over Wheal Danes to me by deed! What! at my own price?"

"For nothing; you shall have it for a free gift."

"But the condition? What is it that you want of me that is not money?"

"I want permission from you, Mr. Trevethick, to wed, that is—for I would not speak of love without your leave—to woo your daughter."

"To wed my daughter!" cried Trevethick, starting from his seat; "my Harry!"

"I say provided that my suit is not displeasing to her," answered Richard, not without a tremor in his voice, for the old man's face was terrible to look upon. Hatred and Wrath were struggling there with Avarice, and had the upper hand.

He rocked himself to and fro, then answered, in a stifled voice, "My daughter's hand is already promised, young man."

"It may be so, Mr. Trevethick, but not by her, I think; and that her heart has not been given to the man you have designed for her is certain. You may see that for yourself."

"I tell you I have passed my word to Solomon Coe that she shall be his wife," returned the other, gloomily, "and I am not one to go back from a bargain."

"One can only promise what is in one's power," urged Richard; "your daughter's heart is not yours to give. In backing this man's suit you have already redeemed your word to him. If he has failed to win her affections—and I think he has—let me try my chance. I am a fitter match for her in years; I am a gentleman, and therefore fitter for her, for she is a true lady. I love her a thousand times as much as he. As for Wheal Danes, I would give you twenty such, if I had them, for the leave I ask for, and the end I hope for."

It was curious to mark how the mere mention of the mine by name affected the old man; his wrath, which seemed on the very point of explosion, was checked and smoothed at once, like raging waves by oil; his brow, indeed, was still dark and frowning, but he resumed his seat, and listened, or seemed to listen, to Richard's impassioned pleading. His genuine feeling made the young fellow eloquent, and gave a tender charm to his always handsome face and winning tones.

Perhaps even the unsympathetic Trevethick was really somewhat touched; at all events, he did not interrupt him, but when he had quite finished took out his watch, and said, in a softened tone: "The hour is late, Mr. Yorke, and you have given me much to think about, to which I can not reply just now. Your communication has taken me altogether by surprise. I will answer neither 'Yes' nor 'No' at present. Good-night, Sir." He nodded, which was his usual salute at parting; but upon the young man's eagerly stretching out his hand, he took it readily enough, and gave it such a squeeze with his giant fingers as made Richard wince. Then, smiling grimly, he retired.

As his heavy step toiled up stairs Richard perceived a slip of paper on the floor, which had apparently fluttered out of the old man's watch-case. Upon it were written the three letters, B, N, Z. As he held it in his hand he heard the landlord's tread returning with unusual haste, and had only just time to replace the paper, face downward, on the sanded floor, before the other reappeared.

"I have dropped a memorandum, somewhere," said he. "It is of no great consequence, but— Oh, here it is!" He picked it up, and replaced it in the hollow of his great silver watch.

Richard, who was sitting where he had left him, looked up with a glance of careless inquiry. "Good-night again, Mr. Trevethick."

"Good-night, Sir." And again the landlord smiled in his grim fashion.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BY MOONLIGHT.

RICHARD sat over the fire, revolving his late conversation with Trevethick in his mind, and picturing to himself what would probably come of it. Although the declaration of his love for Harry had been thus suddenly made, it had not been made unadvisedly. Though he had not expected the opportunity for stating it would have offered itself so soon, he had planned his whole argument out beforehand, with Wheal Danes for its pivot. And, upon the whole, he felt satisfied with its effect upon his host. The latter had not surprised him (except by his frankness) in his disclosure respecting the rich promise of the mine. Richard's own observation, aided by the clew which Parson Whymper's few chance sentences had given him, had convinced him that Wheal Danes was a most coveted object in the landlord's eyes; and had it happened to have fallen into his own hands, he did really suspect enough to have had it searched for ore from top to bottom. Trevethick had therefore lost nothing by

his revelation (as his sagacity had doubtless foreseen), while he had made a very favorable impression upon Richard by his candor. Cornish giants, thought the latter, might be rude and brutal, but duplicity was foreign to their character; it was not Blunderbore, but Jack the Giant-killer, who dug pitfalls, and pretended to swallow what he only put in a bag.

Trevethick had certainly shown strong disfavor to the young man's suit, backed though it was by such great pretensions; and it was evident that but for his hold upon him with respect to the mine, Richard would not have been listened to so patiently. However, his mouth had not been peremptorily closed at once (as he had expected it would have been), which was a great point gained, and the longer the old man took to think about the matter the more likely was self-interest to gain the day with him. Supposing Richard's representations to have been correct, he was certainly "a better match" for Harry than Solomon was; and he had no apprehension of their being refuted. Trevethick would in all probability write to Mr. Whymper to inquire into the truth of them—but what then? He would certainly make no reference to the mine; and as to Richard being Carew's lawful son, had not the chaplain himself (whom he could count on as a friend to say all that was to his advantage besides) admitted that, in his eyes, he was born in honest wedlock? At all events, there would be ample excuse for his having taken such a view of the case; while, as to his prospects, he had frankly confessed that he was, for the present, unacknowledged by the Squire. So long, in fact, as he could keep up the pretense of influence, either present or contingent, at Crompton, he felt his position with Trevethick tolerably secure.

In all this scheme of dark deceit his love for Harry was interwoven like a golden thread, and amidst all his plots and plans her glorious face would suddenly rise unbidden, and charm him from them. He had long since resolved to win her, but the late avowal of her love for him, and now his partial success to gain her father's favor, seemed to have made her his own already. How beautiful she had looked that day upon the tower, with the sunlight on her hair! How fresh and guileless were her ways! Her very weaknesses were lovable, and the cause of love. How touching was her simple faith in omens, and how pleasant to combat it, his arm about her dainty waist, as though to protect her from the shadow of harm! How pitiful her fear of her gruff father, and of this Cornish Solomon; and how sweet to calm it, kissing her tears away! Once more his loving arms embraced her—once more his lips touched her warm cheeks—when a sudden noise awakened him from his dream of bliss.

The parlor fire had long gone out. It was warm for the time of year; but had it been otherwise he would not have replenished it. The candles, too, had burned out, and the moon-beams were streaming through the window; but had it been dark he would scarce have been aware of it. The house had long ago been hushed in repose, and yet Richard felt certain that he had heard a movement in the passage.

A stealthy step, yet not that of thief or burglar; a fairy footfall, rather, which was music to his ear. His heart leaped up to tell him that on the other side of the door was Harry Trevethick. He held his breath, and trembled—not for fear. Was it possible that, knowing he was sitting there alone, she had come down of her own choice to bear him company? Had her father told her something—some glad tidings which she could not keep from her lover even for a night? Or, filled with sweet dreams of him, as he of her, had she risen in her sleep, and been drawn involuntarily toward him by the loadstone of love? But—hark! The bolt that fastened the house-door was softly drawn, and the latch gently lifted. What *could* that mean? Why was she thus going forth alone, and clandestinely, at midnight? His heart beat faster than ever. For an instant all that he had read or heard from his wild companions, and what he had himself believed until he came to Gethin, of the wiles and inconstancy of woman, flashed upon his mind. Had he, bred in the town, and familiar with all the ways of vice, been flattered and hoodwinked by a country wanton? Impossible. For, though there were no virtue in the world, he felt assured that Harry loved him, and him alone. She must be walking in her sleep. Softly, but very swiftly, he left the parlor, and hurried to the front-door. It was closed, but unfastened. He opened it, and looked out. All was as light as day, and yet so different. Every object in the street, every stone in the cottage opposite, stood out distinct and clear, but bathed in a pale and ghostly atmosphere. The distant murmur of the sea came to him like the sigh of one just freed from pain. Nothing else was to be heard; no human tread disturbed the midnight stillness; but along the winding road that led to Turlock he caught the far-off flutter of a woman's dress. She was going at rapid speed, and the next moment had turned the corner, but not before he had recognized his Harry; and, closing the inn door softly behind him, he started after her like an arrow from the bow.

The scene of this pursuit was strange and weird enough, had Richard possessed eyes for any thing but the object of it. The sky was without a cloud, and the sea—which showed on its cold blue surface a broad and shining path where the moon-beams lay—without a ripple. On shore there was even less of motion. The bramble that threw its slender shadow on the road moved not a twig. Nature, green and pale, seemed to be cast in an enchanted sleep, and even to suspend her breathing. From the point Richard had reached he could see the road stretching for a full mile, like a white ribbon, save in the middle, where it dipped between high banks. It led to Turlock only, but at this place a footpath struck across the fields to the Fairies' Bower. To his astonishment, though indeed he had scarcely capacity enough for further wonder, Harry took this path; he saw her climb the stile, and then for the first time look round; he sank under the hedge, to hide himself; and when he cautiously looked forth again the girl had vanished. But he knew whither she was going now. He had assisted her across that very stile but a few days ago; he had walked with her through the hazel copse, and skirted the clear trout-stream by her side; and he could follow her now at utmost speed, and with less caution, for the path was green and noiseless. He could hear his heart beat—not from want of breath—as though in accord with the silver treble of the stream, as he sped along. Through the scanty foliage of the dell he saw her light dress gleam across the wooden bridge, but he himself stopped beside it, peering through the lattice of the branches upon her as she stood on the green bank of the Wishing Well.

Never had moon-beams shone upon a sight more fair. Harry was attired as she had been on the previous evening, except that she wore a shawl, which also served her as head-gear, like a hood. This she now unfastened, and taking out the pin that had joined it together, held it above the well, which showed, as in a mirror, her leaning face and curving form, her wealth of hair, her frightened yet hopeful eyes, and the rise and fall of her bosom, filled with anxiety and superstitious awe. She had come to test her future—to foresee her fate—at Gethin Wishing Well. For an instant she poised the pin, her lips at the same time murmuring some simple charm—then dropped it into the well's clear depths, and watched it fall. As she did so, another figure seemed to glide upon the liquid mirror, at the sight of which she clasped her hands and trembled. Superstitious as she was, Harry had only half expected that her foolish curiosity would be actually gratified. Moved by the avowal of Richard's love that morning, the obstacles to which seemed to her so formidable, she had wished to see her future husband, to know how fate would decide between him she loved and him whom her father had chosen for her, and yet she was terrified now that that which she had desired was vouchsafed her. She scarcely dared to look upon yonder shadowy form, although its presence seemed to assure her of the fulfillment of her dearest wish. It was the counterfeit presentment of Richard Yorke himself; bareheaded, just as she had seen him last in the bar parlor, but with heightened color, an eager smile, and a loving gratitude in his eyes, which seemed to thank her for having thus summoned him before her. The figure was at right angles from her own, but the face was turned toward her. She gazed upon it intently, looking for it to faint and fade, since its mission had been accomplished. She even drew back a little, as though to express content, yet there was the vision still, a glorious picture in its fair round frame of moss and greenery. Supposing it should remain there (her pale face flushed at the thought) indelibly and forever, to tell the secret of her heart to all the world! Then a whisper, that seemed to tremble beneath its freight of love, whispered, "Harry! Harry!" and she looked up, and saw the substance of the shadow, her lover, standing upon the little wooden bridge!

Though Folly be near kin to Vice, she does not acknowledge the relationship, and, to do Harry Trevethick justice, she would never have made a midnight assignation with Richard in the Fairies' Bower. She was more alarmed and shocked at the too literal fulfillment of her wish than pleased to see him there. She shed tears for very shame. Whatever reserve she had hitherto maintained, with respect to her affection for him, had now, she perceived, been swept away by her own act. The scene to which he had just been an unsuspected witness was more than equivalent to a mere declaration of love: it was a leap-year offer of her hand and heart. She had no strong-hold of Duty left to which to betake herself, nor even a halting-place, such as coy maidens love to linger at a little before they murmur, "I am yours."

There was nothing left her but revilings. She poured upon him a torrent of contumely, reproaching him for his baseness, his cowardice, his treachery in tracking her hither, like a spy, to overhear a confession that should have been sacred with him of all men. Whatever that confession might have been—and, to say truth, so utterly possessed had she been by her passionate hopes, her loving yearnings, that she knew not what she had merely felt, what uttered aloud—she now retracted it; she had no tenderness for eaves-droppers, for deceivers, for—she did not know what she was saying—for wicked young men. Above all things it seemed necessary to be in a passion; to be as irritated and bitter against him as possible. The copiousness of her vocabulary of abuse surprised herself, and she did not shrink from tautology. She only stopped at last for want of breath, and even then, as though she knew how dangerous was silence, she bemoaned herself with sobs and sighs.

Then Richard, all tenderness and submission, explained his presence there; showed how little he was to blame in the matter, and, indeed, how there was neither blame nor shame to be attached to either of them; spoke of his late interview with her father, gilding it with brightest hopes, and cited the marvelous attributes of the Wishing Well itself in support of his position. He felt himself already her affianced husband; the question of their union had become only one of time. She was listening to him now, and had suffered him to kiss her tears away, when suddenly she started from his embrace with a muffled cry of terror. Some movement of beast or bird in the copse had made a rustling in the underwood, but her fears gave it a human shape. What if Sol should have followed them thither, as Richard had followed *her!* What if her father should have heard her leave his roof, as Richard had, or should miss her from it—and —oh shame!—*miss him!* "Home! home!" she cried. "Let me go home." And she looked so wild with fright that he durst not hinder her. Hardly could he keep pace with her along the winding path, with such frantic speed she ran. At the stile she forbade him to accompany her farther.

"What! leave you to walk alone, and at such an hour, my darling?" It was nearly two o'clock.

"Why not?" she cried, turning upon him fiercely. "I am afraid of none but you, and of those whom I should love, but of whom you make me afraid." Then up the white road she glided like a ghost.

Richard watched her with anxious eyes as long as he could, then sat upon the stile, a prey to apprehensions. To what dangers might he not have already exposed her by his inconsiderate pursuit! Suppose some eye had seen them on their way, or should meet her now on her return! Suppose her own fears should prove true, and her father had already discovered their absence! His thoughts were loyally occupied with Harry alone; but the peril to himself was considerable. It was impossible that he could satisfactorily explain his companionship with the inn-keeper's daughter at such a place and hour. The truth would never be believed, even if it could be related. She had got home by this time; but had she done so unobserved? Otherwise, it was more than probable that he should find two Cornish giants waiting, if not "to grind his bones to make their bread," at least to break them with their cudgels. In their eyes he would seem to have been guilty of a deliberate seduction, the one of his daughter, the other of his destined bride. Yet, not to return to Gethin in such a case would be worse than cowardice, since his absence would be sure to be associated with Harry's midnight expedition. He had hitherto only despised this Trevethick and his friend, but now, since he feared them, he began to hate them. Bodily discomfort combined with his mental disquietude. For the first time he felt the keenness of the moonlit air, and shivered in it, notwithstanding the hasty strides which he now was taking homeward. Upon the hill-top he paused, and glanced about him. All was as it had been when he set out; there was no sign of change nor movement. The inn, with its drawn-down blinds, seemed itself asleep. The front-door had been left ajar, doubtless by Harry; he pushed his way in, and silently shut it to, and shot the bolt; then he took of his boots, and walked softly up stairs in his stockinged feet. He knew that there was at least one person in that house who was listening with beating heart for every noise.

The ways of clandestine love have been justly described as "full of cares and troubles, of fears and jealousies, of impatient waiting, tediousness of delay, and sufferance of affronts, and amazements of discovery;" and though Richard Yorke had never read those words of our great English divine, he had already begun to exemplify them, and was doomed to prove them to the uttermost.

BURYING THE DEAD.

THE work of burying the dead on the battle-fields of France is partly done by the peasantry, as shown in the engraving on page 612, under the superintendence of German officers. A correspondent, writing from the battle-field of Wörth, thus describes what he saw while these parties were engaged in their melancholy work:

"While the burying parties were busy with the German dead, on the eastern side of Wörth, there was more than an exchange of slaughter on the western side. Here the Prussians and Bavarians had pushed forward in strong force, and their fire had told fearfully upon the French. Whole companies of Frenchmen had been mowed down in their wild attempts to check the enemy's advance. It had been a tolerably equal fight in some places, for the ground was strewn with German dead. But more and more Frenchmen had fallen in proportion. Black Turcos and wide-trowsered Zouaves lay thick at many points, and the cuirassiers had suffered much. There were steel breast-plates and brass helmets scattered thickly on the line of retreat, while the dead horses in all directions might be counted by hundreds. And so, westward through the wood, were the traces of increasing disaster; officers and men lying grimly where they had fallen, some of them in quiet, shady spots, as though they were picnickers asleep; pools of blood where the wounded had been found; knapsacks, rifles, and over-coats, either thrown away in flight or left by the wounded on the field. Then came a spot where the French had rallied, and where the dead of both sides lay thick. Turcos might be seen who had evidently fought to the last, and had tried to fire their pieces as they lay. Frenchmen of the line regiments had here and there fallen in numbers, as though having halted and faced about in regular order. But the aspect of the fields beyond the wood seemed to indicate a hasty retreat. Wagons were overturned, baggage was thrown out upon the road-side, and many knapsacks were to be seen. No one who had passed over that battle-ground of Wörth when I did could have failed to realize that a great disaster had befallen the French arms, though most of the wounded had been removed."

It seems to be customary to bury the dead of both armies indiscriminately together, in pits, or large graves, which may contain a hundred bodies. A writer describes a visit he paid to the burial-grounds in the neighborhood of Saarbrück: "Hier ruhen in Gott," says one inscription, "28 Preussen, 69 Franzosen. Grab No. 4." "Here rest friends and foes together," says another inscription, "6 Prussians, 11 Frenchmen." He observed that the words "and foes" had been marked out by some charitable person.

GRAVELOTTE AND ETAIN.

A LITTLE before the great battle of Gravelotte, in which the Prussian arms achieved so signal a victory, the Emperor of France and his staff left the little building shown in our engraving on page 612, and set out for Verdun. Within five minutes after his departure it was literally riddled with shell.

A second time on the same day the Emperor had a very narrow escape at Etain, a little town on the road between Gravelotte and Verdun, of which also we give a sketch. The Imperial cortége was closely followed by a party of Uhlans, and at this village had only just left a house where they had stopped a few moments for refreshment, when it was surrounded by the enemy. But with the Emperor it was, after all, only "out of the frying-pan into the fire." He escaped at Etain only to be made a prisoner at Sedan.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CROWD gathered at the Piqua, Ohio, railroad station the other day to see General Grant. As the train was moving off an old gentleman asked, "Who did they say that fellow is?" "That is General Grant, our President." "Oh," said the old fellow, "it is, is it? Well, stranger, you see, I am not about town much, and don't pay much attention to the newspapers, and know but little about these things. What might his politics be?"

The following rich scene recently occurred in one of our courts of justice, between the judge and a Dutch witness, all the way from Rotterdam: "What is your native language?" "I pe no native." "What is your mother-tongue?" "Ich hab no mudder, mynheer." "What did you first learn? What language did you speak in the cradle?" "I tid not speak no language in de cradle; I only cry in Dootch." Then there was a general laugh, in which the judge, jury, and audience joined. The witness was interrogated no further about his native language.

"What! tipsy again?" said a wife to her husband. "No, my dear," said he, "not tipsy, but a little slippery. The fact is, somebody has been rubbing my boots till they are as smooth as a pane of glass."

"Come, husband," said the wife of a note-shaving stock-exchange bear, "it is time for us to get up; the day is breaking." "Well, let it break; I don't hold any of its paper."

A little boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was bought, his mother began to scold him, when he silenced her by inquiring, "What is the use of a good hoss till it's broke?"

"Where's your filial gratitude, you naughty boy? What would you have been without your kind father and mother?" "I s'pose as how I'd been an orphan, Sir."

"Why is that waiter so slow?" said an irritable customer to the proprietor of a famous restaurant. "Sir, replied the proprietor in a whisper, "it is he who serves the turtle soup."

An assistant United States marshal in Louisville, in taking the census, asked a colored woman what personal property she possessed, to which she replied, "Nothin' but dese tree chillen yere, and dey ain't wuth much since the 'mancipation procklermation."

The working of miracles seems to have been successfully resumed in Piqua, Ohio. A few years since, during a religious revival in the church of which the Rev. Granville Moody was pastor, certain "lewd fellows of the baser sort" created a disturbance in one of the meetings. Mr. Moody approached them, took them to task for their misconduct, when one of the parties said to him: "We heard that you were working miracles here, and came in to see if it were true." "No, Sir," said the divine, "we do not work miracles, but," taking him by the collar, "we do cast out devils."

It is a noticeable fact that people who change their mind often never get a good one.

A resident along the line of the Adirondack road, seeing a lady driving along Broadway, in Saratoga, lately, and her coachman with folded arms behind, thought "that nigger must pay that nice-looking girl a pile to drive for him."

A Paris bookseller, having applied to a Berlin publisher of lithographic prints for a great number of copies of portraits of the more illustrious Prussian generals, received the following reply: "There are no copies left; we send you the originals."

The women in Utah are very apt to marry Young.

STAGE CARPENTERS—Actors who saw the air and bore the audience.

"Sir," said the astonished landlady to a traveler, after he had just sent his cup forward for the seventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee." "Yes, madame, I am," he replied, "or I should never have drank so much water to get a little."

A Saratoga belle who dresses nineteen times a day has gone into a decline. So has her father. He declines to pay his notes.

Tom, twitting Sam on the extraordinary size of his understandings, said to him: "You must take cold easily, Sam; I should think you would be sick all the time." "How so?" asked Sam. "Why," replied Tom, "because there's so much of you on the ground."

A poor Irishman, seeing a crowd of people approaching, asked what was the matter. He was answered, "A man going to be buried." "Oh," replied he, "I'll stop and see that, for we carry them to be buried in our country."

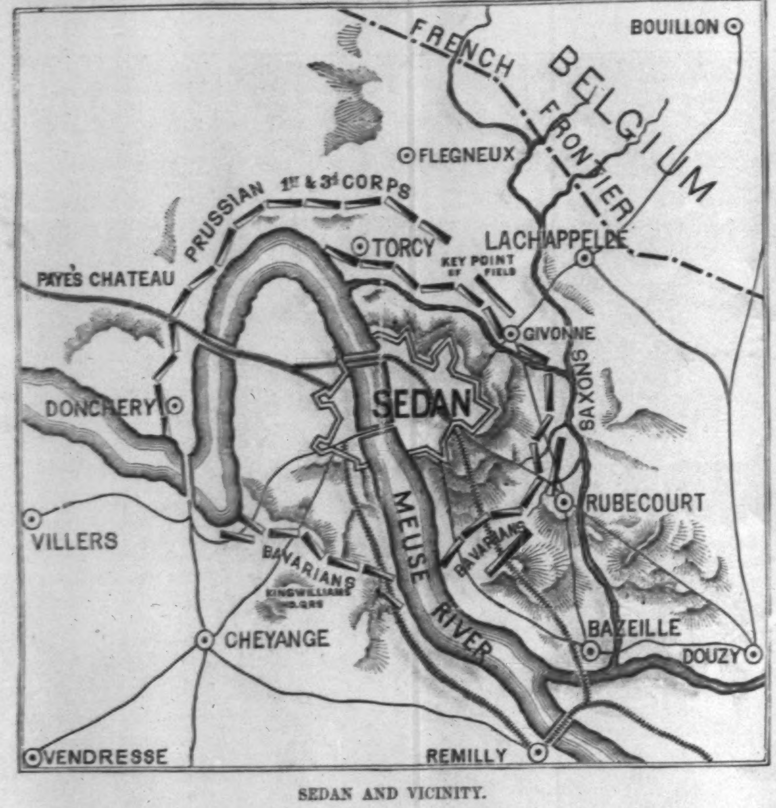
A FLEETING SHOW—A yacht race.

A ragged little urchin, begging in the street the other day, was asked by a lady who filled his basket if his parents were living. "Only dad, marm," said the boy. "Then you have enough in your basket to feed the family for some time," said the lady. "Oh no, I haven't neither," said the lad; "for dad and me keeps five boarders. He does the house-work, and I do the marketin'."

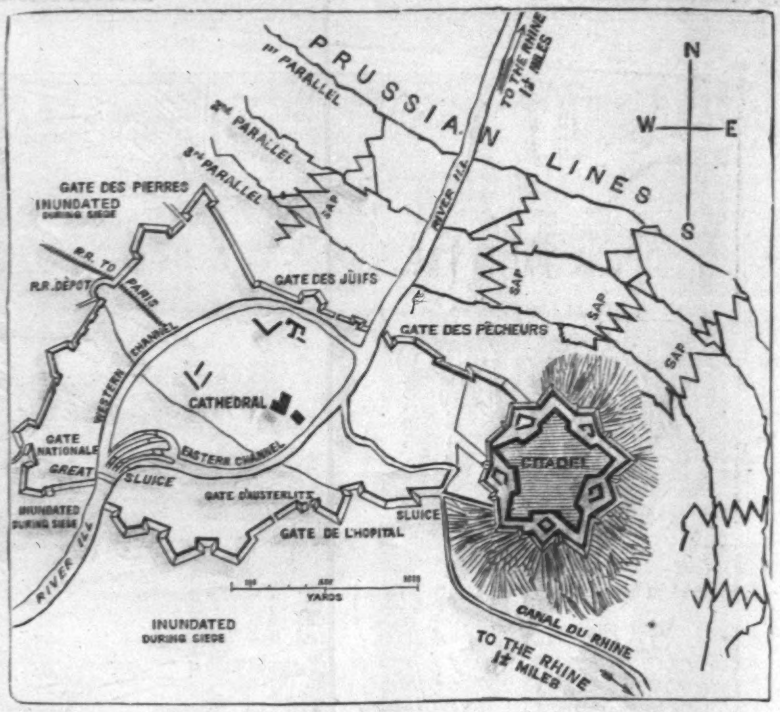
A rather bashful young man, after a long and arduous courtship, found himself one bright evening the betrothed of a pretty girl, the very pink of modesty. He was about to take his departure, and, after lingering about the door for some time, he declared and protested to Miss Sallie that he couldn't and wouldn't leave until she had kissed him. Of course Miss Sallie blushed beautifully red, and avowed in return that she could not and would not do that—she never had done such a thing, and never would until she was married. The altercation became exciting, until the gentleman got huffed, and declared if he couldn't kiss her he wouldn't have her, and was marching off. She watched him to the door, and seeing he was in earnest, and that she should lose him unless something was done, she said, coaxingly, "Come back, then; I'll split the difference with you. You may squeeze my hand."

THE LAST MESSAGE.—[Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.]

After the Surrender—Masses of French Prisoners under Prussian Guard.



SEDAN AND VICINITY.



THE INVESTMENT OF STRASBOURG.

SEDAN AND STRASBOURG.

THE plan of Sedan, which we give on this page, shows the positions occupied by the Prussian armies investing that fortress on the day of the capitulation of M'MAHON. It exhibits at a glance the hopelessness of the French situation there, and explains the surrender of so large a body of men.

The plan of Strasbourg shows the lines of investment up to September 10, when the Prussians had completed their third parallel. Next to Metz, this city is considered the strongest fortress of France on the eastern frontier. The defenses consist of a bastioned enceinte, very irregular in outline; the bastions constructed at intervals along its perimeter, varying in each instance, but admirably well located for mutual support and defense. The numerous re-entering angles in the trace of the enceinte are well secured by towers and demi-bastions of suitable construction, while the salients are protected by a powerful cross-fire from the supporting works. The main ditch is filled with water for nearly the whole distance around the city. Between the city proper and the Rhine, and connected with the enceinte, and occupying a commanding position, is the Citadel, pronounced to be a master-work of VAUBAN. It is constructed on a pentagon, according to the great engineer's first system, and presents five great bastions, with their supporting works, and effectually commands the city and the Rhine. This strong-hold has been much improved during the past twenty years, and is jealously guarded from inspection by strangers. Immediately close to the Citadel, on the city side, are the great arsenals and military institutions for which Strasbourg is famous—the Salles d'Armes, the Military Hospital, the Artillery School, and the Arsenal de Construction, and also a magnificent esplanade.

INFELICE.

THE summer morning was dawning, and the violet and golden and crimson lights were beginning to shine through the trees of the parks, when the Honorable Mrs. Milner drove home in her carriage from one of the latest balls of the season. Mrs. Milner lived in one of the most fashionable streets of the Mayfair region of London. She was a young woman and handsome; but just now her face wore that faint, weary, and jaded air which beauty itself acknowledges when, after a night of pleasure, the dawn shines upon it. Mrs. Milner was very tired and sleepy, and the dawn made her shudder.

When the carriage drove up to the door, and the footmen got down, there seemed something like a little commotion going forward, and Mrs. Milner, being too impatient to wait, got out and found that her servants were very angry with a boy who had been asleep on the naked door-step in the dawn, and was so sleepy that he could hardly be roused to a sense of his situation and his audacity.

"Come, you be hoff!" said one pampered menial—a very worthy poor fellow in his way, but who really thought it as strictly a part of his duty to keep vagabonds from his mistress's door-step as Javert believed it his duty to unmask and arrest concealed felons. "Come, just you be hoff! I wonder there's no pleeseman about!"

"Now then, young feller," remarked the other pampered menial, decisively, "it's time you were away. Move on!"

The boy only rubbed his eyes and looked sleepily at the servants. He was a very handsome boy, looking a little like one of Murillo's immortal *gamins*, with thick curling hair, and skin almost as dark as that of an Algerian. Certainly part at least of the dark hue was attributable to want of washing.

"Let me see the boy," said the Hon. Mrs. Milner.

She looked at him with eyes of kindly interest. Under the corsets of a fashionable West End woman there does sometimes beat a kind and tender heart, for all the *Saturday Review*.

"Poor boy!" she said. "He must have been very tired. He is a fine-looking child. Why did you sleep there, my little boy? Have you no home?"

"No home, madonna!" said the lad, who had roused up wonderfully in the light of the lady's kind eyes. He spoke a lisping, broken English. He was evidently an Italian lad, and his face now spoke, if faces may be trusted, intelligence and truthfulness.

"Bring him into the hall," said Mrs. Milner, decisively.

He was brought in, and she talked to him in his own language. His story was simple, commonplace, and old. He was born in Parma. His father and mother were dead. He had come to London on the inducement of other Italian boys to make a fine living by grinding the organ in the streets. He did not make a fine living—the *padrone* ground him much more effectively than he ground the organ; and he made up his mind at last to run away and get into the fresh, beautiful country where the birds sang and there were no organs. From the Saffron Hill region, the home or lair of the organ-boy, he had tramped so far on his way. He chose the Hyde Park direction because he had often admired the trees there, and he thought the country could be soonest reached that way. He had contrived to steal out of his wretched den when midnight had long passed, and he was so tired and sleepy as he reached Mrs. Milner's tempting door that he thought it would be pleasant to have a sleep there. So he coiled himself up on the door-step and fell asleep.

Mrs. Milner said he must be sure never to sleep on door-steps any more. That he might be the less in the way of temptation, she bade him sleep on a good soft rug in the hall just then, and she told the servants to be sure he was not disturbed until he had had his sleep out, and that he got a good breakfast on waking. Then she went to bed herself, and slept very soundly until noon.

She did not forget her little Italian. That day she gave orders that he should have a complete bath, be well scrubbed, have his hair combed and cut, and have a suit of new clothes, and that a bed should be made up for him. She did not yet know what to do with him; but it was clear, she thought, that while she was making up her mind the boy must have clothes to wear, and food to eat, and a bed to sleep in. One thing was certain—she would not turn him into the street to sleep on door-steps again.

The Hon. Mrs. Milner, it should be said, was not on terms of the most cordial affection with her husband, the Hon. Charles Milner, who, for all his rank and his prospective title, was a good deal of what Londoners call a "cad." He was a man of low tastes, given to horses and prize-fighters and the *coulisses* of theatres, where the actresses were of the "Black Crook" or *Biche aux Bois* school. Mrs. Milner married him, at the direction of her parents, when she was too young to think for herself, or to form any opinion as to her own or any body else's character. They never had been happy together; now they were trying—and he was successful in the effort—to be happy separately. They never had any open quarrel, and were generally supposed to get on well enough. Mr. Milner was now at Newmarket, and now at Doncaster, and now at Baden-Baden, and his wife was seldom troubled with his society. He had a seat in the House of Commons, and he went and voted in all the important party divisions, spending the night, when he had to wait long to give his vote, in the smoking-room of the House, and drinking a good deal of brandy-and-water. But he was not very happy even in the smoking-room of the House. His highest idea of happiness was to be surrounded by a throng of vulgar, admiring boon companions, of both sexes, who looked up to him, and were proud to do him homage.

Mrs. Milner had had two children, of whom only the younger—a girl—was now living. The boy had died when a mere infant. Perhaps it was some thought of him—some thought that if he were alive he would now be about the same age as the lad asleep on her door-step—that first aroused in the breast of the lady of fashion a feeling of pity for the little Italian, and a wish to do something for him.

However that might be, she kept little Felice Morra under her care, and would not turn him out on the world. She sent him down to one of her country seats for a time, and he came back to London strong, healthy, and happy. The child had a beautiful voice, and she had him taught to sing, and would play for him on the piano herself, and she began to take a positive pleasure in his boyish affection and devotion. He was a sort of page for her, and a play-fellow for her little girl, who was some two or three years younger than he. The servants in the house detested him at first; but his sweet, docile, caressing Italian ways soon won over the women, at least. Mr. Milner grumbled a little at the introduction of poor Felice into the family, and swore a muttered oath or two sometimes when he saw the boy. But then he did not often see him, and his mind was generally too much occupied with Ascot, Epsom, the prize-ring, and the *ballet* to trouble himself much with the existence of a poor harmless boy. If it had been a pretty orphan girl, now! But in that case Mrs. Milner would probably not have taken such a charge into her household.

Years brought difficulties. Mrs. Milner had been so long deciding on the proper occupation to which Felice Morra should be put that he was actually growing to be a young man without any occupation at all. The education he had was only what he had acquired from reading aloud to Mrs. Milner any book or magazine or newspaper she wished to have read to her—and she did, indeed, keep him pretty constantly occupied in this way—and from occasionally writing at her dictation. He was a delightful singer, with a clear, full, sweet tenor voice; he could play the piano well, and, indeed, had a great natural gift of music. One might have called him Mrs. Milner's secretary, perhaps, now that he could no longer be called her page; but his position in the household was beginning to be more anomalous and inconvenient every day. Mrs. Milner, indeed, was always resolving that something must be done with him; but she never could make up her mind as to what ought to be done. In truth, the poor lad had twined himself closely round her heart. She was not a happy woman. Years had made her husband worse, and herself more lonely; and had also made the poor outcast boy whom she had rescued seem more and more like the son whom she had lost.

She had, indeed, her daughter, a beautiful girl somewhat like herself, but darker. Mrs. Milner dearly loved her daughter, but the heart of a woman is always unsatisfied if it has nothing manly to love; and Mrs. Milner had no husband and no son, and was yet in her prime. So she looked forward with dread to the sending of her young *protégé* away into the cold outer world; and yet it was now evident that it must be done. Her husband had of late begun to grumble and swear at the poor young man, and used to make it a point to insult him whenever the two chanced to meet. Things could not long go on thus. Indeed, only for the extraordinary gentleness and patience of Felice Morra, reminding one of a Bengalee rather than an Italian, a rupture must have taken place long ago. But Felice bore all with a quiet, docile endurance which observers might have thought spiritless. Mrs. Milner long felt convinced he bore all for her sake, not to disturb or distress her, not to have to leave her. She pitied and loved him all the more. She came to see, however, that she was mistaken. For it became at last only too apparent that the Italian outcast was passionately in love with Linda Milner, his patroness's daughter.

Now this was surely, one might have thought, a thing to be dreaded, guarded against, foreseen, expected, by any rational woman; yet Mrs. Milner, who was ordinarily a very rational woman, never had thought of this. The child, Linda, had always appeared such a child to her!

One day—it was in the country—Mrs. Milner came down to breakfast a little late, and her daughter was not in the breakfast-room. She looked out upon the lawn, and Linda was not there; then from another window into a little shrubbery, and there she saw something which made her first turn red, and then pale.

She saw Linda Milner and the young Italian walking slowly up and down, apparently conversing in low tones. They were walking, one might perhaps have said, just as any two acquaintances might walk; but Mrs. Milner did not think so. Ah, no! There was something in the attitude of both—of her, as she walked with downcast eyes and an indescribable air of timidity, and yet earnestness; of him, as he leaned toward her and looked down upon her—which spoke only too plainly to Mrs. Milner.

These two who walked there were lovers! And Mrs. Milner herself had brought this about; and only think how Linda's father would receive the news that his daughter had fallen in love with an Italian beggar, who was picked up, when a child, on a door-step!

Presently she saw Felice Morra take Linda's hand in his and press it to his lips, and then the two parted, and Linda, "like a lapwing," ran across the lawn and soon entered the breakfast-room.

Mrs. Milner could not and would not keep back her feelings.

"Linda, you have made me miserable! I have seen all!"

Linda was a proud girl, long trained to self-will. She said, coldly:

"All what, mamma?"

"I saw you walking with Felice, and I saw your manner toward each other. For shame, Linda! He is in love with you!"

"He is, mamma."

"Has he told you so?"

"Yes, dear mamma."

The composure of her demeanor quite bewildered Mrs. Milner.

"Then what did you say, girl, when he told you this?"

"At first—nothing."

"And at last?" asked Mrs. Milner, striving, not very effectively, to imitate the composure of her daughter.

"At last—well, I told him the truth when he pressed me for an answer."

"Then you have the courage to tell me that you love him?"

"I have not told you so, mamma; but it is true!"

"And you dare to think of marrying him?"

"Indeed I do."

"Have you thought of what your father would say?"

"I have thought of it, dear mother; but it can not change me. I love *him*, and I will bear any thing for him."

"Do you know what he is—what he was?"

"Yes, mamma; I know all about it. But I know, too, that you have made him your companion and mine so long as I can remember any thing. I did not choose him for a companion; I do choose him for a husband."

Mrs. Milner tried expostulation, argument, tears, prayers, threats—she was not very good at threats, poor woman!—but she could make no impression on her daughter. Mrs. Milner was miserably unhappy. Despite all she had done for Felice, despite her genuine affection for him, her whole soul revolted at the idea of his marrying her daughter. Nobody needs to be told what the feeling of *caste* is in the English aristocracy.

This was one of the kindest of women; she had done for this youth what not one woman in ten thousand would have done; she was strongly attached to him, and only yesterday had been wondering how she could bear to part from him; and yet she was positively unable to realize to her mind the possibility of such a fantastic calamity as his marrying her daughter. After all, she felt very much as a benevolent Georgian lady might have felt who suddenly learned that the slave boy she had specially favored and petted had stolen her daughter's heart.

Moreover, Mrs. Milner was, in some respects, a timid woman. She shrank from scenes and disturbances and even sudden changes; and she dreaded the outburst of her husband's anger when this shocking story should come to his ears.

At any cost this hideous love business must be stopped, and Mrs. Milner now knew but one way to stop it, and that was to appeal to Felice Morra himself.

She summoned him to her; she reminded him of all that she had done for him; reminded him that to her he owed far more than many sons owe to their mothers; and she besought him with tears to sacrifice himself and his love, and leave her daughter.

"Leave her!" he said, bitterly. "Leave her, although she loves me, in order that she may marry some one whom she does not love! In order that she may marry some one of her own rank! Ah, God! Mrs. Milner, *you* can tell whether to marry in one's own class is always happiness!"

Mrs. Milner crimsoned. "It is not always happiness, indeed, Felice; but to marry quite out of one's rank is never happiness, except for very, very rarely constituted beings. My poor boy, listen to me. I know my daughter. She has not the nature that could rise superior to the difficulties and pains of such a position as you would bring her to. I think, perhaps, I could have done it. I know she could not. Write her a few lines. Tell her, frankly, that you do not think it right or honest or for her happiness to continue near her, or to hold her to her foolish engagement, and go. She will forget you. Poor boy, I am sorry to destroy your first romance; but I know my daughter, and she will forget you."

The poor youth groaned in agony. There was something womanish in his nature, and he seemed now like to play the woman with his eyes. Mrs. Milner pressed him again and again, appealing, above all, to his sense of gratitude and the memory of all she had done for him.

"Oh, Mrs. Milner, I only wish to Heaven," he exclaimed at last, "you had left me on your door-step, and that I had died there!"

But she prevailed, and he surrendered. He wrote his few farewell lines; and he left that very day the house which had sheltered him so long. Mrs. Milner endeavored to induce him to take some money. She offered him enough to make a gallant start in life for any youth, but he only begged of her to spare him this. When she continued to press him with her untimely and futile kindness he broke into the only outburst of passion she had ever seen him give way to. He quite terrified her by the sudden and electric vehemence of his anger; and he left the house without even a farewell pressure of her hand.

He made his way to London, and straggled about there helpless and wretched as a canary-bird turned out of his gilded cage to wander over northern forests. He suffered immense, unspeakable misery. So far as the Milner family was concerned, he seemed to have wholly disappeared.

Mrs. Milner was right. In a few months Linda had nearly forgotten him, or was glad to be free of her love engagement with him. Yet a little, and she was to be married to the son and heir of an earl—a handsome, youthful, brilliant lover, whom, indeed, she loved.

The time came, the wedding took place. In the crowd who watched it was one haggard, ghastly, stricken wretch, with burning eyes and trembling lips, whom hardly any body noticed, and who remained in the church, his head buried in his hands, after every one had left, until the genteel sexton turned him out at last.

The bride and bridegroom started for the Continent. Mrs. Milner went to a ball that night.

She did not remain long, but left almost before the guests had ceased to arrive. She was very sad and lonely. She had fancied, somehow, that in the crowd at the church there was a face which for a moment reminded her of poor Felice Morra; but there was nothing in that, for she was always thinking now that she saw faces which reminded her of his. She wondered where he was, and whether he had got over his grief, and whether he was prospering, and had forgiven *her*. She did not dare to allow herself to consider the other possibilities—that he was not prospering, that he had not forgotten his grief, that he was poor and miserable. She kept saying to herself that she had acted for the best; that she had done right; that she could not have done otherwise; that she was bound to secure her daughter's happiness; that she had secured it. Thus thinking, as she sat in her carriage, she reached her own door.

There was a slight delay or difficulty or confusion of some kind among the footmen at the door and the servant who opened it. Mrs. Milner could not help thinking of the summer morning when she found poor Felice Morra asleep on the door-step.

What were the men about? She thought she heard half-suppressed exclamations and expressions of wonder. She got out of the carriage. The servants were certainly removing some obstruction from the doorway. With a sinking heart and a sickening presentiment of something terrible to happen, Mrs. Milner eagerly pressed forward. The men were lifting a body from the door-step, and they turned to her with awe-stricken faces. One glance at the burden they bore was enough for her. It was the body of poor Felice Morra, and he was dead. He had dragged his exhausted frame to the door-step where, years ago, a poor vagrant boy, he was found by her, his only patroness. And there he had lain down and died.

Linda never knew the fate of her hapless lover. Mrs. Milner kept that sad secret, an abiding agony, in her own heart.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

WE give below the most spirited, as well as the most faithful, translation of this celebrated German war song which has yet appeared in English. It was made expressly for *Harper's Weekly:*

A voice resounds like thunder-peal,
'Mid dashing waves and clang of steel,
"The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell:
They'll guard the sacred landmark well.
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

And though in death our hopes decay,
The Rhine will own no foreign sway;
For rich with water as its flood
Is Germany with hero blood.
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

From yon blue sky are bending now
The hero dead to hear our vow:
"As long as German hearts are free
The Rhine, the Rhine, shall German be."
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

"While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand."
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

Our oath resounds; the river flows;
In golden light our banner glows;
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine.
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

THE SIMPLE SCHOOL OF NOVELS.

THE simple school of novels is a born native of England. Fielding, Richardson, Goldsmith, Defoe, Miss Burney, Jane Austen—all these are claimed as representatives of the simple school; and at no time since stories and story-telling have prevailed have there been wanting enough of them to prove and satisfy the national taste.

Love is more or less the burden of all novels; but it is interesting to note how different a figure is cut by the god that is said to be blind in the pages of simple novelists from that played by him in those of their fast and sensational competitors. As a matter of course, love does not run smooth here any more than elsewhere; but its even current is not interrupted by the turbulence of passion, or by the breaking down of the restraints of duty. A wife too many or a husband too few is not with the simple school the obstacle to united bliss. Novels of the sensational school have accustomed us to conquering heroes—tremendous fellows with herculean limbs, killing glances, and withering smiles, and by whose very presence the hearts of women are fluttered, as the Volscians were fluttered at Corioli by the apparition of Coriolanus. The normal state of their heart is that of a volcano apparently quiet, but in reality boiling, burning, and seething within, and periodically inundating its female neighbors with the scorching lava of an unexpected erotic eruption. In the simple novel the hero is a much less formidable and distinguished personage. It is perhaps a slight drawback to his dignity that he is not unoften a bit of a "spooney;" but then he has the advantage of resembling, in that as in other particulars, the masculine objects of our own experience. Far from having, like the overpowering hero we have just been considering, a past so full of sin and shame that the retrospect, as in the case of the fugitives from the doomed cities of Holy Writ, is positively petrifying, he is usually, when first introduced to our notice, as bashful before a petticoat as a curate is before lawn sleeves. We are expressly given to understand not only that he is (as Thackeray said every woman thinks her own son) a Joseph, but that he has yet been fancy-free. His heart has not been injured even to the extent that would be implied by its having given temporary lodgment to a score of boyish fancies. His affections are fresh and unworn when he consecrates to the heroine his first passion, and exalts her, in the words of one of our simple novelists, to the throne of his spirit, to be his darling, his sovereign mistress. When relentless fate involves the fast or sensational hero in some tragic loss, cuts off his fiercely worshiped mistress in the zenith of her maddening beauty—we trust the reader recognizes the original sources of these imposing expressions—or flings her, ardently reluctant, into the rival embraces of some passionless plutocrat—he, like Ajax defying the lightning, stands immovable. He bears a laden breast; but the only signs by which you may know that the simoom has swept over and scorched him are that he smokes perpetually in sombre silence from chibouques of fabulous rarity filled with tobacco that never gets into the market, and that he loses or wins his money at *rouge et noir* as calmly as though he were blowing soap-bubbles. Not so our simple hero. If the little lady o. his love comes to trifling hurt, his heart beats thick and fast. If she seems to be coquetting with some other swain, he is ready to make away with himself in desperation. If he can pick up a little hair chain that has been on her person, he carries it away with him, and wears it next his heart until he can place there a sweeter substitute—herself. The heroine of simple novels is a companion picture. She would as soon think of drowning herself in the nearest pond or hanging herself on the nearest tree as of sitting on the grass under an umbrageous beech, after the fashion of a fast heroine, with a blue-eyed stranger she meets for the second time, and to whom she has never been formally introduced. What Francesca da Rimini terms *La prima radice del' amor* strikes into her heart very differently and far more slowly. Only by fine gradations does she come to associate the presence of her lover with an undefined feeling of happiness, and to discover her own secret by noticing that she is more particular about her personal appearance when she hears his footstep approaching. The scene in which the hero proposes and is accepted, or rejected, or told to wait, as the case may be, is marked by the same absence of passion and exaggeration, and the same deference to propriety and human nature. The most natural of all the simple novelists, with a fidelity to nature which is sometimes a little perilous, allows his hero to make a bigger fool of himself at that critical moment even than during the other portions of his undazzling career; thinking, doubtless—and, to judge by success, thinking justly—that the ludicrous figure he cuts will be condoned by the reader on the principle of *hanc veniam damus petimusque vicissim.* "Unhappy the man," exclaims Lamartine, "who has not been a poet once in his life!" A simple novelist often seems to think that unhappy is the man who has not made a fool of himself once in his life. It is consoling to think that the vast majority of the masculine species have shared in at least that one piece of felicity.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ABOUT three miles from Cassel, the former capital of the electorate of Hesse-Cassel, Germany, stands the castle of Wilhelmshöhe. It is situated on the top of a hill, and commands a beautiful view of the country around. The castle is built of white sandstone, and consists of a large tower, with a massive building on each side. A flight of stairs leads from the tower directly into a beautiful and picturesque garden. Wilhelmshöhe was built about 1783 by the Elector William, and there he died; but his son and heir was driven away from Cassel by Napoleon I., who made it the capital of the Westphalian kingdom, and gave it to his younger brother, Jerome Napoleon. Jerome, however, was forced to leave it, in consequence of the German uprising in 1813. Political disturbances caused the reigning Elector to flee in 1848, and, though quiet was afterward restored, Prussia took possession of Hesse-Cassel in 1866, in consequence of the Elector siding with Austria in the German-Italian war. Since that time Wilhelmshöhe Castle has not been used. But now the late Emperor of the French, Napoleon III., is at the castle, a prisoner of war, though with a large number of attendants. How long he will remain there is uncertain, but very likely until a settlement is made between France and Prussia.

Nearly two hundred horses can now be accommodated upon the racing-grounds at Jerome Park. The fall races, which commence on October 6, will embrace a great variety of races, and it is said that almost every fine race-horse in the United States and Canada will be present.

We have seen it stated that the last sale of a slave in the South occurred in Virginia, under the following circumstances: The news had just come of the retreat of Lee's army, when a gentleman offered a slave to a farmer of Augusta County. After a considerable bargaining on both sides the negro was sold for one hundred cabbage plants.

Common petroleum, rubbed over the face and hands, is said to answer every purpose of a mosquito net. We should suppose it would!

Sarracenia, a plant indigenous in the northern part of the United States, is considered by many physicians a sovereign remedy for varioloid and small-pox. This valuable plant grows wild in the swamps of Nova Scotia, and at the proper season the root is gathered and preserved for use. The *Journal of Applied Chemistry* says that no other medicine reaches the disease in the same effective manner; that sarracenia deprives varioloid matter of all contagious properties; and that, however numerous the eruptions on the body of a patient, there is rarely the least scar left. This plant is often used as a preventive. But here a grand query arises. Can it be made to take the place of vaccination? Can not somebody thoroughly investigate the subject?

One dark night, not long ago, a burglar entered a private residence in Sixth Avenue. On ascending one flight of stairs he observed a light in a chamber, and, while hesitating what to do, a large woman suddenly descended upon him, seized him by the throat, forced him down through the hall, and pushed him into the street before he had time to think. "Heroic Repulse of a Burglar by a Woman," was the way the story appeared in the newspapers next day. But when friends called, and congratulated her upon her courage, she exclaimed: "Goodness gracious! I didn't know it was a burglar. If I had I should have been frightened half to death. I thought it was my husband come home drunk again, and I was determined he shouldn't stay in the house in that condition."

Another woman, living in Pittsburg, heroically came to the rescue of her husband in this wise. The man had been arrested on suspicion that he had made a violent assault upon another man. He had a broken head, and the evidence was strong against him. But wife swore that she herself inflicted the wound in his head with a poker! So the magistrate could only discharge the husband from custody.

Rubens, the celebrated painter, was evidently possessed of warm affections and a domestic character, if we are to judge at all by the numerous pictures he left of his wives and children. He seems to have delighted in multiplying and varying these beloved objects under every possible aspect. Five known portraits by him of his first wife, Isabella Brant, still exist, and no less than eighteen known portraits and sketches of his second wife, Helena Forman. He was married to his first wife in 1609, and for seventeen years she was his faithful companion. She left him two sons, and he greatly deplored her loss. Several years after her death he married again. At the time he was in his fifty-fourth year, and his bride, Helena, scarcely sixteen. The extraordinary beauty and modesty of this young girl awakened a strong love and admiration in the heart of the artist, which remained undiminished till his death. By her he had five children. Rubens's first wife, also, is represented to have been very handsome.

Marshal M'Mahon wrote to his wife, after the battle of Wörth, a touching account of his efforts to maintain his position. Yet it is in the language of a hero. He spoke of the masses of Prussians which surrounded him, and of the heroism of his soldiers. He said that, in despair at finding himself abandoned and without ammunition, he sought for death, but the bullets would not touch him.

Each war of modern years has brought into prominence one particular mode of attack or defense. The Crimean war (1854–1855) demonstrated the utility of iron-clad ships. The Italian war (1859) brought rifled cannon into prominence. The American war (1861–1865) established the use of torpedoes. The Austro-Prussian war (1866) showed the potency of the needle-gun; and the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 has established the use of the mitrailleur.

Count Bismarck's two sons took part in the battles before Metz. One of them was wounded; the other had his horse shot under him.

Hippophagy has received a fresh impulse from the war. Butchers find the battle-field a good place to buy horses which were intended for a nobler use.

Some time ago two ladies happened to occupy the same seat in a car from Baltimore. One, however, was modest and unassuming; the other, fussy and overdressed. There was a violent storm prevailing, and the first lady remarked that it was a trying time for sailors along the coast.

"Yes, I know it is," affectedly responded the other lady. "I know all about these 'ere east-northeasters."

"Ah! you've had some experience personally, I suppose?" inquired the first lady.

"You may well say that, ma'am. Why, bless yer! my husband, Captin John Freenall, is Captin of Chespeck Bay. He used to be Captin of Choptank, Christiania, Brandywine, and sich like creeks; but he's got a canawl-barge commission, and carries hay to Petersburg now. I guess, likely, maybe, your husband is a sailor too, ain't he?"

"Yes, my husband is a sailor."

"I thought that; you look just like a sailor's wife. Is your husband a captin?"

"No, not at present."

"Mate?"

"No, ma'am."

"Sailor 'fore the mast?"

"No."

"Wa'al, now, that's singler! Not a captin, nor mate, nor 'fore the mast! Why, marm, what does your husband do?"

"He commands a fleet at present, I believe."

"You don't say! Why, who may your husband be, marm?"

"Admiral Porter, ma'am."

"Mrs. Captin John Freenall" suddenly subsided into insignificance.

An "old folk's" party at Mystic River, Connecticut, was composed of fifteen persons whose united ages were 1140 years. The oldest was ninety-two, the youngest sixty-two. At a little village in Massachusetts, recently, five ladies took tea together, whose united ages were four hundred and twenty-five years.

A sort of velvet tissue is now woven from the hair of cats and rabbits. The fabric is considered beautiful.

Brigham Young proposes to abolish Mormonism, provided the United States will pass laws compelling every man to marry, and punishing every one "who interferes with his neighbor's wife, or with single women."

The following conversation is given in the *France en Orient*, as having taken place in the commission ordered to examine the plan of the declaration of war, before it was submitted to the Chambers:

M. DE KERATRY. "Marshal, are we ready?"

M. LEBŒUF. "Quite ready."

M. DE KERATRY. "Will you pledge your word of honor? Think what a crime it would be to plunge France into war, without having foreseen and provided for every thing!"

M. LEBŒUF. "I give you my word of honor that we are completely ready."

M. DE CASSAGNAC. "One word more. What do you mean by these words—to be ready?"

M. LEBŒUF (*authoritatively*). "I mean by them that if the war were to last a year, we should not have to buy a button of a gaiter."

"Man and Wife," Wilkie Collins's latest novel, has been dramatized by the author for the London stage, and has also been brought out in this country. Collins has been for a long time a successful writer of dramas. In connection with Dickens and Fechter he dramatized Dickens's Christmas story, "No Thoroughfare," which was put on the stage, by Fechter, at the Adelphi Theatre.

At a late election, held in Wyoming Territory, for delegate to Congress and local officers, the women voted generally throughout the Territory.

Near Barfield Point, Arkansas, excavations have been recently made into an Indian mound about twenty-five feet high, and about an acre in area at the top. The result has been the discovery of human skeletons eight and ten feet in height. Surely there "were giants in those days"—long gone by.

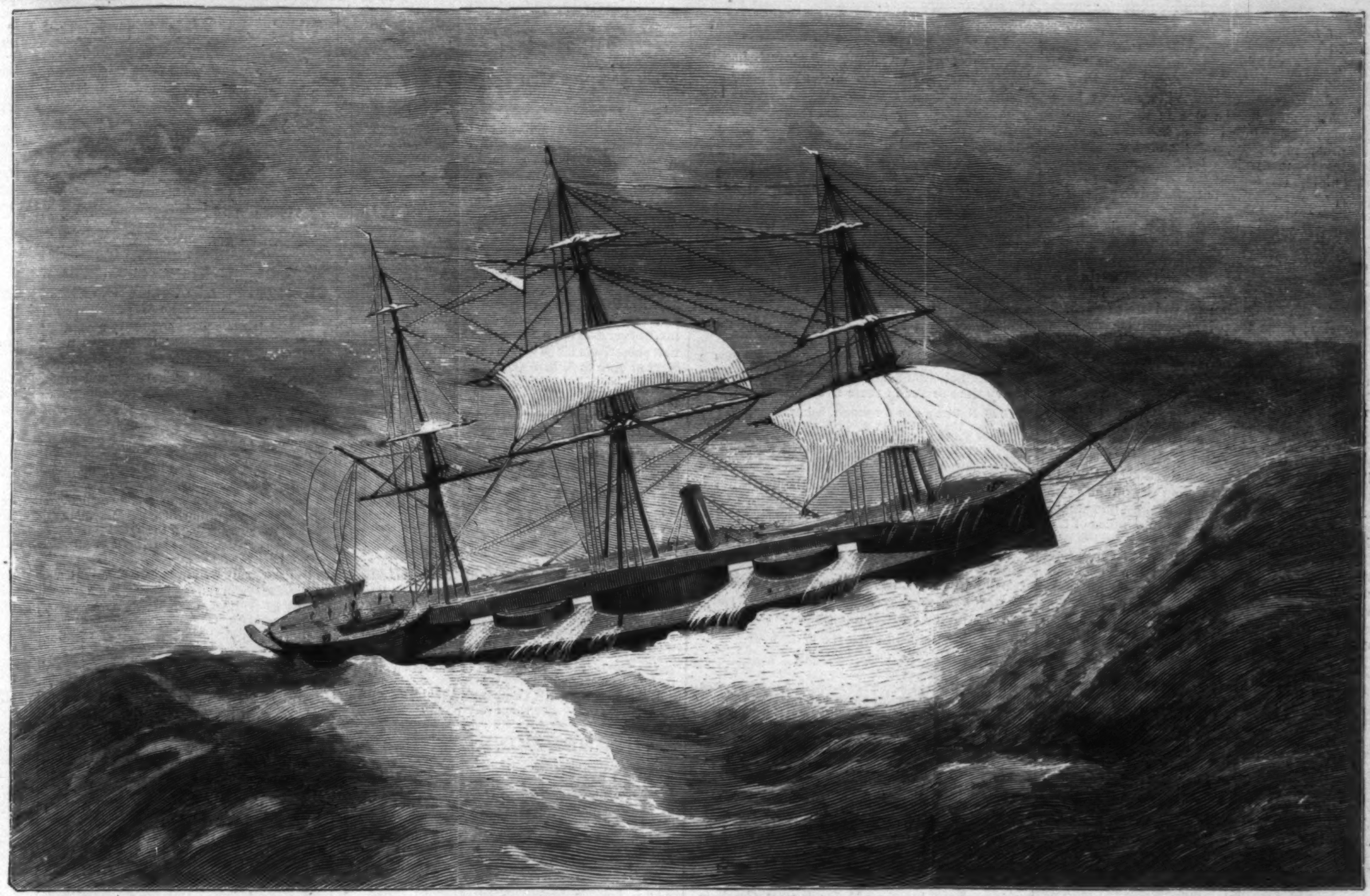
A jeweler of Saratoga has in his possession a rare trinket, especially valuable from having once been the property of the Empress Carlotta. It is a lady's watch and chain, intended to be worn pendent from the neck like a locket. The face of the watch is plain white; the reverse side, which is designed to be worn outward, is set in a beautiful *lapis lazuli*, encircled with diamonds, and having in the centre a raised letter C in German text, richly studded with brilliants. The chain is heavy, containing six large links of blue *lapis lazuli*, with intermediate links of gold, set with diamonds.

CARING FOR THE WOUNDED.

THE German armies are not only admirably organized for fighting, but for the operations of every department of the art of war. Their officers are consummate topographers, and while Parisians have been shouting "*à Berlin!*" they have been diligently poring over maps till they are cognizant of every mountain track which might be supposed to be known only to the local goatherds. Carefully, too, have they studied the gazetteer of France; for they know exactly how many horses every village between Metz and Paris is capable of stabling. They lay down extempore railways and extempore electric telegraphs; and if the enemy destroy bridges, they carry beams of just the right length to supply the place of the shattered edifice. In every thing their foresight appears pre-eminent. Especially is this visible in the department which attends to the victims of the strife. In former days the wounded were left to chance succor, while the dead were buried either by the forced labor of reluctant peasants, or left to the eagles and the ravens. But now there is an organized corps of grave-diggers, while the red crosses which distinguish the bearers of the wounded, and the black and white dresses of the Sisters of Mercy, convey the aspect of a procession of pilgrims approaching a holy shrine rather than of soldiers invading a hostile country. Of the Krankenträger (bearers of the sick) some are men of the Landwehr, others are students from the hospitals and universities in plain clothes. All display the red cross, stamped on a white cloth, which is tied round the left arm. Nor is the service devoid of danger. Recently a nun, while tending the wounded, had both of her legs carried off by a cannon-ball; and at the battle of Thionville, says a Prussian dispatch, the French fired—it is to be hoped in ignorance—both on surgeons and ambulances. Besides the Sisters of Mercy in black and white, there is a corps of Sisters who wear dark slate-colored dresses and white hoods. But there are also, it is to be hoped, every where where woman is to be found, amateur Sisters of Mercy of the old-fashioned, unorganized sort, such as the peasant girls depicted in the engraving on this page, who tend the wounded without distinction of nationality.

As a further illustration of this tenderness for the wounded, we give on page 612 a sketch of the removal of wounded French prisoners from the battle-field of Wörth, escorted by a detachment of Bavarian soldiers. A private letter, written from Haguenau soon after that battle, says: "Nearly every house and stable at Weissenburg is full of wounded, as are also all the villages round about, and a large number of wooden sheds have been erected as temporary hospitals outside the town. Here also, at Haguenau, the red cross floats from nearly every window. A number of poor fellows, chiefly Turcos and Zouaves, arrived here this evening. It was pitiable, indeed sickening, to watch them crawling painfully through the streets. They offered, in truth, a shocking spectacle—their heads bound up in dirty cloths, their gay uniforms smirched with mud, and in many instances covered with blood. They had thrown away knapsacks, and even boots and clothes, in the flight, and looked as pitiable a set of men as could easily be seen. In the majority of cases they had received bullet-wounds in the feet or legs, and dragged their slow way along in agony at every step. Let Prussia boast—for she can truthfully do so, and it is a matter of which a nation may indeed be proud—that, the fight once over, friend and enemy are treated alike, and nothing is spared to ease the suffering, to soften the miseries of the wounded foe. Nor are instances of individual kindness wanting. I noticed the Prussian soldiers helping the poor crippled men along, and carrying in their arms those who seemed too faint to walk. Others pressed upon them cigars, which were eagerly accepted, and even money, with which, goodness knows, the donors could ill afford to part. All honor to the gallant fellows who show such a noble spirit, and who, the fight once over, can be as tender and kindly compassionate as women toward the suffering and the poor! These instances of true charity all occurred, so far as I witnessed, among the private soldiers; the officers, perhaps too busy to attend to such trifles, passed by on the other side."

PEASANT GIRLS TENDING THE WOUNDED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.



THE BRITISH IRON-CLAD "CAPTAIN," LOST SEPTEMBER 6th OFF CAPE FINISTERRE.

THE LOSS OF THE "CAPTAIN."

We give on this page a sketch of the new British iron-clad ship of war the *Captain*, which recently foundered off the coast of France in a heavy gale, carrying down with her all but eighteen of her crew of five hundred men. The *Captain* had two large turrets placed amidships, in each of which were mounted two 25-ton rifled guns, throwing a solid elongated projectile of 600 pounds, or a shell of proportionate weight; and in the forecastle and poop there were two or three bow guns and stern-chasers of smaller calibre. Full ship-rigged, with two independent screws, engines of extraordinary power, steering apparatus of curious perfection, and every modern improvement which has ever been found of value in the equipment of a ship of war, the *Captain* was considered one of the most magnificent specimens of naval architecture afloat. The thickness of her plating varied from six to ten inches. On her first trial-trip, last July, she behaved admirably in a heavy gale. The cause of her foundering in a gale which other ships easily weathered is yet unknown, but will probably be ascertained from some of those who were so fortunate as to survive the disaster. The captain and Captain Coles, who claimed to be the originator of the turret system, were among those who were lost.

STEAMERS LAID UP AT BREMEN.

The effect of the war upon German commerce is shown in the engraving of the Bremen docks, on this page, where a large number of ships and steamers are now lying idle, having been withdrawn from the seas to secure them against capture by French cruisers. A correspondent who visited Bremen a short time ago thus describes the appearance of the city since the commence-

STEAMERS LAID UP AT BREMEN.

ment of hostilities: "Bremen was formerly a fortified town, with huge ramparts, glacis, and moats. These have all been destroyed; scarp and counterscarp have disappeared, and all vestiges of the forms of the military works have been obliterated by the skill of the landscape-gardener. The altered slopes have been planted with ornamental trees, and the moats made into picturesque, many-shaped pools and canals, at times almost lost among the rich foliage on the banks, or else opening out into broad sheets of water covered with water-fowl. Round the ornamental grounds thus formed are built the villas of the wealthy merchants of the city. Bremen is famed all over Germany for the wealth of its inhabitants and the pride and exclusiveness of the principal merchants. The villas that surround the ornamental ground are of all sizes and styles; some are palaces, suitable only for a merchant prince; others are exceedingly small; but all are built in the most perfect manner, and with the most refined taste. The prevailing style is classical, leaning rather to the Greek than to the Roman. It is many years since the fortifications of Bremen were destroyed and the mounds planted, so that the timber is fine and well grown. This suburb of Bremen is more like what one would expect to find, but would not find, in some fine old Italian city on the shore of the Mediterranean, and certainly one would never expect to see it within a few miles of the shores of the cold North Sea.

"Bremen has at present in it more than 18,000 troops, who are quartered in all the hotels and many private houses. They are nearly all landwehr—a steady, stern-faced body of men, who look as if they would fight most certainly, but seem not much pleased at being dragged from their homes, their families, and their peaceful occupations by this war. Their general bearing is unexceptionally good; they do not look smart, and there is no pipe-clay, yet they seem precisely the class of men an officer would wish to have behind him, for they are safe to follow where he leads, or stand and die where he bids them. The Hanoverians, like all other Germans, are of one mind in the matter of this war. They say they are out to fight for the father-land, and they desire to know no more. On this question Germany seems to have but one heart."

SLEEP.

SHELLEY begins that beautiful rhapsody of his, "Queen Mab," with the lines:

"How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep."

Allegory is a dangerous edge-tool, and very apt to snap in the hands of the workman. An allegorical impersonation should be shown quickly, then instantly withdrawn. No inquiry should be made into its antecedents or its future. It is a beautiful allegory to call Death the brother of Sleep, but what would you say if you were asked who was Sleep's third cousin, or his aunt, or his grandmother, or his godfather?

Sleep is the holiday time of life, as death is the final breaking up. During half man's life the shop is closed and the shutters are up. Man needs forgetfulness half his life to enable him to endure the other half. Shakspeare, who has written finely about most things, has written very nobly on sleep. Witness that grand passage in "Macbeth," so full of all his faults and all his beauties:

"Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

What a prodigality and even confusion of metaphors! Sleep a darner, a death, a bath, a balsam, a second course, a chief dish, and all in four lines! Shakspeare was fond of contrasting troubled royalty with contented poverty. The antithesis often occurs in his writings. Thus, in "Henry the Fourth," the Prince says:

"Sleep with it now,
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggin bound
Snores out the watch of night."

Boerhaave tells a story of a cranky German physician, who maintained that sleep was the natural state of man, and that to be awake was to be in a state of disease, under which belief this Teutonic dormouse eventually slept himself into an apoplexy.

What is sleep? you ask the doctors and the physiologists, and, as usual, they tell you the symptoms and results of sleep, and expound its diagnosis, but help you no further. In fact, all they know about it is that it is. Blumenbach attributed it to a diminished flow of arterial blood to the brain, but Dr. Elliotson, his commentator, justly remarks that this slower circulation is a consequence, not a cause, of sleep. Pressure on the brain produces involuntary sleep, but, nevertheless, there need not necessarily be pressure in true and natural sleep. Here, again, we arrive at one of nature's closed doors.

The writers on sleep have noted several of its phenomena. At the battle of the Nile some of the ships' boys, worn out with fatigue, fell asleep at the foot of the guns that were for a moment ceasing their remorseless fire. There have been men so accustomed to the din of forges and the noise of mills that they could not sleep in quiet places. During the retreat from Corunna the soldiers were often seen marching fast asleep. Some great men, like Napoleon, have been able to sleep at will. Sir Walter Scott always said he required seven hours' sleep to refresh his huge brain. Sir Edward Coke used to say, in the words of a quotation from Alcæus, of which he was fond:

"Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix."

But Sir William Jones took a less ascetic view of life when he wrote his paraphrase:

"Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven;
Ten to the world allot, and all to Heaven."

The robust and ungallant old proverb has it, "Five hours for a man, six for a woman, and seven for a fool;" but life was slower and less exhaustive than it is now when that proverb was written.

Keats wrote well when he said:

"O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till all is hushed and smooth."

But, after all the poets' fine sayings, there is a single sentence of Cervantes that, in my estimation, beats them all. He puts it in the mouth of that jovial materialist, Sancho:

"Now blessings on him that first invented sleep! it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot."

Young, in his "Night Thoughts," assumes a depreciating strain, and snubs sleep as a mere paltry time-server in these five smooth lines:

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,
He, like the world, his ready visits pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And visits lids unsullied by a tear."

Some old writer of the Elizabethan Church breaks forth in one of his sermons into quaint conjectures as to Adam's feelings when his first sleep oppressed him. It must have seemed like dissolution, a fading away into the chaos from whence at God's word he had emerged. Poor Hartley Coleridge has a fine sonnet on the subject of what awoke Adam from his first sleep, and we can not resist quoting it here:

"What was't awakened first the untired ear
Of that sole man who was all human kind?
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere?
The four mellifluous streams which flowed so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake—in wonder, not in fear,
Of her new lord? or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody and greet
The gracious pressure of immaculate feet?
Did viewless seraphs nestle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet,
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?"

The poets have written their best in their comparisons of death and sleep.

"Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking,"

writes Scott; but the old Jesuit poet, Crashaw, uses the word sleep with ineffably more tenderness and a deeper feeling in his beautiful elegy on two lovers:

"Do not weep.
Peace! the lovers are asleep,
They, sweet turtles, folded lie
In the last knot that love could tie.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morning dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake with that light
Where day shall never sleep in night."

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